

No 10
35p monthly

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS • FU MANCHU • WEREWOLF GALLERY

THE HOUSE OF HAMMER

CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF

- the full film
told in comics

SENTINEL

SHADOWMAN

SATAN'S SLAVE





JOHN CARRADINE as the blind guardian, Father Halloran, on "watch" at the gateway to hell. See our in-depth review of *The Sentinel*, Michael Winner's latest film, in *Media Macabre* on page 14 this issue.

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Editorial

You know, it's really strange. With this, our tenth issue, we've reached double figures, we're now well into our second year of publication, and we still don't know what you really want in *HoH*!

We get sacks full of post from you saying, "Great, really loved last issue's comic strip adaptation!" "Thought the feature on *The Omen/Kong/Carrle* was fantastic!" ... but we don't really know what you like best.

Every time art editor Nige and I sit down to figure out the contents of the next issue, our monthly running battle gets under way.

You see, Nige thinks we should have less pages of comics, and give more room for the articles.

Me, I'd like to enlarge the whole Hammer mythos with strips like *Shander* (*HoH* 8), and *Kronor* (*HoH* 1-3) and *Dracula/Frankenstein* strips to fill in the gaps between some of the Hammer films.

In fact, Michael Carreras, the head of Hammer films,

has offered us the original manuscripts for never-before-seen gothic horror films in their *Dracula/Frankenstein/Mummy* series.

Of course, if we had 100 pages per issue, we'd all be happy... with more pages of articles, interviews and strips! But until that day, how about the next time you write to us, giving us your "vote" on this earth-shattering topic?

Seriously, as I'm sure you know, we are putting together a magazine full of what we hope you want to see, so level with us. Let's have a "top ten" from you, taking this issue's content in order of preference. Plus a yes/no vote to *Shander*, *Van Helsing's Terror Tales*, longer/shorter/same length film strip adaptations. *HoH* is your magazine, so give us a break, and let us know what you want to see.

Regards,

Ray Stammers
Editor.

In the tradition of *House of Hammer*,
we proudly present
our latest, greatest fantasy film magazine

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HOUSE OF HAMMER



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OK, you guys, I'm hooked. I'm tired of queuing every month at my newsagents only to find he's sold out when he gets down to me. Please send me the next twelve issues of the magazines ticked in the boxes below. My cheque/postal order made payable to General Book Distribution is enclosed.

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THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF

CERTIFICATE X

STARRING

OLIVER REED

as Leon (The Werewolf)

WITH

CLIFFORD EVANS..... Don Alfredo Carido
HIRA TALFAY..... Teresa
CATHERINE FELLER..... Christina
YVONNE ROMAIN..... Jailer's Daughter
RICHARD WORDSWORTH..... The Beggar
WARREN MITCHELL..... Pepe Valiente

Directed by TERENCE FISHER, Screenplay by JOHN ELDER (from the novel "The Werewolf of Paris" by Guy Endore). Produced by ANTHONY HINDS. Released by Rank (USA: Universal)

A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION

LIFE IS ALWAYS HARD FOR A BEGGAR... ESPECIALLY SO IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SPAIN... BUT FOR ONE TATTERED WRETCH LIFE SEEMS TO BE LOOKING UP... FOR HE HAS STUMBLED INTO A WEDDING FEAST AT THE CASTLE SINISTRO. AND ON THIS DAY, THE DEBAUCHED OLD MARQUES SEEMS DISPOSED TOWARD KINDNESS...

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR YOURSELF, BEGGAR? TEN PESETAS?

TEN PESETAS?
THANK YOU, MY LORD!

UNAWARE THAT HE HAS JUST SOLD HIMSELF, BODY AND SOUL, FOR A PITTANCE, THE BEGGAR ENJOYS THE UNEXPECTED GENEROSITY... AND DOES WHAT HE CAN TO REPAY THE KINDNESS...

COME ON!
WRETCH! DANCE!
MAKE US LAUGH!

TIME TO RETIRE!
I THINK! YOU THERE! SEE THAT THE BEGGAR IS GIVEN SUITABLE ACCOMMODATION UNTIL I SEND FOR HIM AGAIN!

BUT THE MARQUES NEVER DOES SEND FOR HIM AGAIN... MANY YEARS PASS BY... YEARS OF LONELINESS, BOREDOM AND BROODING...

BROODING. PERHAPS ABOUT THE ONLY OTHER PERSON HE EVER SEES...



... THE JAILER'S MUTE DAUGHTER, WHO BRINGS HIM HIS FOOD... WHEN SHE GETS THE TIME AWAY FROM HER DUTIES AS A MAID...



TIME HAS RAVAGED THE MARQUES, TOO... TURNING HIM INTO A FRIENDLESS, MAD, OLD RECLUSE... BUT EVEN TIME HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO REFORM HIS NATURE...



HEH, HEH! COME ON, MY GEAR... A LITTLE KISS, AND THEN...

UH- UHH!

THE MARQUES TUGS ON A BELL-PULL...



HAVE THAT GIRL LOCKED UP... UNTIL SHE LEARNS SOME BETTER MANNERS!

ONLY ONE CELL IS AVAILABLE, AND SO THE OLD BEGGAR IS FINALLY SENT A COMPANION... NO MORE THAN A MERE COMPANION...



BUT FOR THE MUTE GIRL THERE IS NO WAY TO CALL FOR RESCUE... NO ESCAPE FROM A MAN KEPT ALONE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.



AT LAST, ABUSED AND HUMILIATED, SHE IS RELEASED... ONLY TO FIND FURTHER HORRORS IN STORE...



AND THIS TIME THE PROSPECT IS TOO REVOLTING TO ENDURE...



AND SO...

AAUUUGH!



AFTER THAT, THERE IS NOTHING FOR THE GIRL TO DO BUT FLEE... SHE LIVES WILD IN THE WOODS FOR A TIME, UNTIL, ON THE POINT OF DEATH BY EXHAUSTION SHE IS FOUND BY ALFREDO CARIDO, A LOCAL WRITER...



HOLY SAINTS! WHAT'S THIS?

ALFREDO IS A KIND, GENTLE MAN... PERHAPS THE FIRST THE GIRL HAS EVER MET... AND AT LAST SHE HAS A REAL HOME...

THE POOR GIRL CAN'T SPEAK... CAN'T TELL US WHAT SHE'S SUFFERED... BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN TERRIBLE!

AND ALFREDO'S HOUSEKEEPER DOES LOOK AFTER THE GIRL THROUGH MANY MONTHS... MONTHS THAT CULMINATE WITH THE BEGGAR'S FINAL LEGACY... A BABY BOY... BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY!

IT'S A BOY THEN, TERESA? EXCELLENT!

STILL, THAT'S OVER NOW... YOU'LL LOOK AFTER HER, TERESA!

NO, SENOR, IT'S VERY UNLUCKY... AN UNWANTED CHILD BORN ON OUR LORD'S BIRTHDAY IS AN INSULT TO HEAVEN!

AND THE POOR GIRL HAS DIED IN CHILDBIRTH... WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?

BUT IT SEEMS TERESA'S FEARS ARE UNFOUNDED, AS LITTLE LEON DEVELOPS INTO A HEALTHY, BUT SLIGHTLY WITHDRAWN BOY...

I'M NOT HUNGRY, AUNT TERESA...

BUT LEON, YOU MUST EAT... WE CAN'T HAVE YOU LOSING YOUR APPETITE!

VERY NASTY... THERE MUST BE A WOLF ABOUT!

OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE STANOS PEPE, THE LOCAL HUNTER... IT IS HIS JOB TO PROTECT THE FLOCKS... AND NOW THEY NEED PROTECTING!

PEPE'S FIRST DUTY IS TO REPORT TO THE MAYOR... BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP HIM PAUSING FOR A FEW MINUTES' GOSSIP...

A DEAD GOAT, YOU SAY? LITTLE LEON'S KITTEN WAS KILLED TOO... I DON'T DARE SHOW IT TO HIM...

THAT EVENING, PEPE IS OUT ON HIS ROUNDS AGAIN... AND THIS TIME HE IS READY...

THERE IT IS, NOW I'LL GET IT!

ALMOST FAINTED WHEN I TOOK HIM HUNTING WITH ME A FEW DAYS AGO! I THOUGHT HE'D ENJOY IT, BUT... STILL, I'VE GOT TO BE OFF!

HE CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD, CAN HE...?





IN A SMALL VILLAGE LIKE THIS, THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN OF WISDOM TO TURN TO... THE PRIEST!

SOMETIMES A SPIRIT CAN ENTER THE BODY AT BIRTH, AND WAR WITH THE SOUL FOR CONTROL. AND IF THE SOUL SHOULD BE WEAKENED, THE SPIRIT TAKES OVER. FOR LEON, THE SPIRIT IS A WOLF... AND AT TIMES OF THE FULL MOON...





WHEN NIGHT COMES, THE MOON IS STILL ALMOST FULL... AND THE HUNTER SETS OFF IN PURSUIT OF HIS QUARRY...



SO IT WAS DOMINIQUE'S SHEEPDOG... MUST HAVE GONE WILD! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!



THE ATTACKS STOP AFTER THAT, AND IT SEEMS THE DOG MUST HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE. THE YEAR'S PASS, BUT PEPE STILL WEARS THAT SILVER BULLET AROUND HIS NECK... TO REMIND HIMSELF OF WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE HAD TO DEAL WITH...

WITH THE LOVING CARE OF ALFREDO AND TERESA, LEON PUTS HIS TROUBLES BEHIND HIM AND GROWS INTO A NORMAL YOUNG MAN. AND, LIKE ALL YOUNG MEN, EVENTUALLY LEAVES HOME TO LOOK FOR WORK...



**BUT LEON'S ARRIVAL AT THE VINEYARD OF DON FERNANDO
FERNANDEZ DOES NOT GET OFF
TO A GOOD START...**



**BUT LEON IS TAKEN IN, AND GIVEN A JOB
IN THE BOTTLING ROOM WITH ANOTHER
WORKER, JOSE...**



THIS IS WHERE
YOU'LL WORK... FROM SEVEN TO
TEN WITH HALF AN HOUR FOR
LUNCH... YOU SLEEP HERE,
TOO...

AND WE GET SIX
PESETAS? JUST FOR
PUTTING WINE INSIDE
THE BOTTLES AND
LABELS OUTSIDE?



AND THEN,
SURPRISINGLY...

SEÑOR, I'VE COME
TO APOLOGISE FOR
SPLASHING YOU
EARLIER, I'M
CHRISTINA
FERNANDEZ...

THERE'S
NO NEED TO
APOLOGISE,
SEÑORITA...

LOVE STRIKES SWIFTLY,
AND MAKES NO
DISTINCTIONS...
AND SO, IN THE
NIGHTS THAT
FOLLOW...



CHRISTINA!
HURRY... BEFORE
YOUR FATHER
SEES YOU...

IT SEEMS LEON HAS FINALLY
FOUND THE GIRL WHO WILL
CURE HIM FOR ALL TIME OF
THE TERRIBLE HORROR THAT
WARS WITH HIS SOUL...



I CAN'T SEE YOU
TOMORROW, LEON...
BUT I'LL BE HERE
ON SUNDAY...

BUT I CAN'T BEAR
TO BE AWAY FROM YOU,
CHRISTINA... COME AWAY...
WE'LL BE MARRIED...

BUT FATE NOW DEALS
A HAMMER BLOW...

I CAN'T MARRY
YOU, LEON... I'M
ALREADY BETROTHED
TO RICO GOMEZ...
I WON'T EVER
BE ABLE TO
MARRY YOU!



**SATURDAY NIGHT SEES LEON TRYING TO DROWN
HIS SORROW WITH JOSE... AT AN INFAMOUS
TAVERN NOT FAR FROM THE VINEYARD...**



YOU DON'T LOOK WELL,
DEARIE... COME OUTSIDE
FOR SOME FRESH AIR...

LEON IS STILL DWELLING ON HIS REJECTION... BUT THE GIRL CANNOT KNOW THAT...

I DON'T FEEL...

WISHING ON THE MOON? WISH SOMETHING NICE FOR ME WHILE YOU'RE AT IT...

WHY, DEARIE- I...?

LEON! LEON! WHERE ARE YOU, WHAT THE ...

OH, MY GOD!

BUT JOSÉ ONLY FINDS... THAT THE NIGHTMARE HAS BEGUN AGAIN!

End of Part One. Part Two "KILLER MOON" on page 33.

Media IV Macabre

FILM SCENE News

SF FILM FROM ZELAZNY

Survival Run is the story of five survivors of the ultimate, worldwide nuclear disaster, from 20th Century-Fox with direction headed by Jack Smight. The screenplay is by Alex Sela, from Roger Zelazny's novel, "Destruction Alley". Whilst under production the original story was used as the shooting title. Cast includes Jean-Michel Vincent, George Peppard, Dominique Sanda, Paul Winfield and Jackie Earle Haley. Music supplied by Jerry Goldsmith. Film will utilize the new "Sound 360" process, which is recorded in quadraphonic sound and reproduced through a unique speaker system.

SENSURROUND SUSPENSE THRILLER

Universal's Rollercoaster is set to be one of those large-scale suspense thrillers which should make for perfect viewing with the advantage of Sensurround. James Goldstone directs this Jamie Lang Production, from the screenplay by Richard Levinson and William Link. Jennings Lang, currently executive producer of *Airport 77*, first conceived the idea of utilizing the Sensurround process for *Earthquake*. He has also been exec producer on three recent Universal hits, *Alphaville* 1975, *Earthquake*, and *The Front Page*. Director James Goldstone, who helmed the *Star Trek* pilot back in '65, says of Rollercoaster: "It is in the Hitchcock and Carol Reed tradition in which the criminal challenges the police, and a surrogate, an innocent man, is drawn into the maelstrom." The basic theme of the film concerns the threat of sabotage to an amusement park by an extortionist. The screenplay by Levinson and Link (both creative contributors to many TV series) is based on a story by Tenney Cook and Sanford Sheldon. The exciting climax of the story was shot on location at Magic Mountain's 360-degree roller coaster in California. The stars include George Segal (playing a building and safety inspector), Richard Widmark (an FBI agent), Timothy Bottoms (deranged criminal), Harry Guardino (a police lieutenant), and

Henry Fonda (as the head of Segal's department).

REINCARNATION

The Manitou is an ancient Indian medicine man who is reincarnated to wreak havoc in revenge for the crimes of early American settlers. The screenplay is by William Girdler and Jon Cedar, based on the best-seller by Graham Masterton. Girdler also produces and directs.

UNDERSEA WORLD

See Trench is the title of a new book by Martin Celdin (he who wrote "Cyborg", thus creating *The Six Million Dollar Man*). The story about a deep-sea civilization, is currently being prepared for film production.

ANIMATED WIZARDS



From Ralph Bakshi, who directed *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic* in the early Seventies, comes another full-length animated feature, *Wizards*. The advance publicity calls it "an epic fantasy that explores the everlasting struggle for world supremacy fought between the powers of war and technology, and the practitioners of peace and magic". Movie will be produced under the 20th-Fox banner.

HOLMES Vs RIPPER REMAST

Filming starts in August on a \$4,000,000 dollar movie about the famed fictional super-leiathus Sherlock Holmes pursuing the infamous, not so fictional, Jack the Ripper. Highlight Film Productions and Sands Films Ltd have picked up the screen rights to John Hopkins' screenplay of Sherlock Holmes and Sweeney Jack. Hopkins is adapting his script from Elwyn Jones and John Lloyd's book, "The Ripper File". Bob Clark will direct and co-produce, and Les Herberman will be exec producer. The pic deals with a fictional encounter between Holmes and the Ripper, in which the

detective follows his investigations through to the office of the Prime Minister Lord Salisbury and Sir William Gull, the royal physician. Holmes uncovers what appears to be a cover-up, tying in the Ripper murders, with a plan to protect the Royal Family from scandal. Holmes' previous film encounter with Jack the Ripper was back in 1965, when James Hill directed *A Study in Terror*.

TRUFFAUT MEETS UFO

UFO's are the central theme of Steven Spielberg's new *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. By way of explanation, the film's title refers to contact between human beings and alien beings. Richard Dreyfuss stars, as a power company troubleshooter, with Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr (Mel Brooks' *Young Frankenstein*, remember?), and Francois Truffaut, the acclaimed French director of such films as *The Bride Wore Black*, *Fahrenheit 451*, *L'Enfant Sauvage*, who must be making his first appearance before the cameras. See elsewhere in this issue for a full account of this film, with a selection of photo-illustrations.

NEW HITCHCOCK FILM

The *Short Night* will be Alfred Hitchcock's next picture for Universal. The story is derived from "The Spraying of George Blake" by Sean Swales, which served as the basis for Ronald Krimbridge's novel, from which the film borrows the title. Hitchcock's last film, *Family Plot*, was received with mixed (and often disappointed) feelings in the critics' columns.



MACHINE RULE

"Previews IV" is the most advanced machine ever devised by man... its organic brain can hold the sum of the world's knowledge, and the potential is awesome—for good and bad. What happens when Previews IV releases human orders and insists on making its own decisions...? "The Demon Seed", produced by Herb Jaffe, from the studios of MGM sounds at first like another *Colossus-The Forbin Project*, but, from the advance production notes, it may turn out to be a most dramatic

thriller using the rogan-computer theme. Director Donald Cromwell has only one interesting credit, and that is his screenplay and co-direction (with Nicholas Roeg) for *Performance*. Roeg went on to make *Don't Look Now*, one of the most disturbing films of recent years. Julie Christie stars in this one too, and is the central human being involved with the master computer (curious to note that Christie originally achieved some popularity when she first appeared as the android in BBC-TV's famed *A For Adversus* serial, back in 1962). Also appearing is Fritz Weaver, who recently turned up in *Moonathon Man* and *Black Sunday*. Weaver plays scientist Alex Harris, whose house in the movie is like a futuristic design-centre. There is an electronic system called *Environ* that is voice-activated, and operates as a security guard/housekeeper/food preparer/cleaner; an invention called a *Gustator* that stores and inventories groceries; also "Joshua, the Blue Arm", an electronic wheelchair with video-camera eyes and a mechanical steel arm. This latter "creation" is eventually put to lethal use by the super computer. The scientist's house, in terms of technology, is reminiscent of *Moribus* abode in *Forbidden Planet*. Cinematographer Bill Butler was nominated for an Oscar for his contributions to *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and was also Spielberg's photographer on *Jaws*.

THE OMEN PART II

The *Omen Part II*, needless to say, has now been announced. From Dean's farewell wick at the end of the first picture, the new film picks up the Devil-child's reign of terror (now aged 10), which promises to surpass anything seen before. Harvey Bernhard produces from a screenplay by William Norton Sr and Stanley Mann.

MY MURDERER THE CAR

The tale of an ominous, murdering Car, which will not cross belting ground, is the basis of *The Car*, coming from Universal Studios. Elia Siverstein directs, from a script prepared by Dennis Shryack, Michael P. Butler, Ron Turvey and Leon Slate. Siverstein, one of the noted contributors to American television during its "Golden Age", made himself known when he scored with *Get Bellows*, and later brought forth *The Happening* and *A Man Called Home*. The sinister Car, designed by George Barris, roars around highways with no driver visible at the wheel, killing at random. Barris built a special car (which took ten months to complete), rearranging the normal structure slightly to emphasize its malevolent nature. The "Bitchmobile",

Media Macabre

from the *Batman* TV series, was designed by George Barris. Appearing in this "different kind of a thriller" is James Bralton, whose previous credits include *Fantastic Voyage*, *Our Man Flint*, *Westworld* (also "Dr. Steve Kiley" of *Dr. Marcus Welby, M.D.*), *Kat Moon*, *Lloyd*, who made her debut in *The Missouri Breaks* after numerous appearances on American TV shows. *Henry Cox*, Elizabeth Thompson and *John Marley* co-star. Supporting lineup includes R.G. Armstrong, Doris Dowling, and John Rubinstein. Director Silverstein is reported as saying: "We are trying to achieve a certain mood for the film and sustain that mood throughout. This is a very unusual motion picture."

Last issue we mentioned *Group One's* upcoming *Crash* in this column, about a possessed, mindless car. A new trend perhaps?



UNEXPECTED CLASH

Gail Murtie's new anthology series, for America's NBC-TV, went through a few title changes prior to premiere; originally announced as *Nightmare*, the show was re-titled *Tales of the Unknown*, and then Gail Murtie's *Tales of the Unexpected*. Finally it was decided to telecast it simply as *Tales of the Unexpected*.

NEW WORLD RELEASES

New World Pictures, of which Roger Corman is president, have a tightly-packed 1977 release schedule. They have recently acquired Andy Warhol's *Bad for Distribution*, and hope to see at least 20 films in release throughout the year. *Deathport 2020*, headed by David Carradine, Aveluche, Phibes Reunited, another sequel to the Phibes pictures with Vincent Price and Roddy McDowall. *God Told Me*, now retitled *Alien Encounter*, and *Catastropha*, a montage of actual disasters. All will be heading out of New World Pictures.

FAN SCENE

THE JAPANESE FANTASY FILM JOURNAL



Limiting the readership by covering an esoteric subject, the editor of *The Japanese Fantasy Film Journal*, nevertheless, has brought out a magazine that offers a serious insight to the workings of the Japanese fantasy-film industry.

Looking at the issue received (Number 11), a very large quantity of titles are discussed and studied. Reviews/previews cover *Samurai Yagyu* (the seventh Gamera film), *The Shadow Wraith* (this one, a psycho-thriller), *Godzilla Vs Megalon*, and *Godzilla Vs Mechagodzilla*. The basic plots of the films are listed rather than any form of critical statement (mainly due to the films being, at the time of the writing, un-released).

The main body of the mag, and probably the most interesting, is a 8-page article on the famed Japanese superhero films. "The Superhero: Japan's Interpretation" is a fascinating study of Japanese cinema and TV's answer to Western celluloid superhero mythology. *The Japanese are the first to film a superhero serial that contains nine episodes lasting feature length. Superjamen (1957-58), each episode being complete in itself. They are also the first to film a superhero feature, Infaders From a Space Ship (1959). They are the first to film a television serial with cliffhanger style episodes that feature a robot superhero as its star, Ultraseven (1966).*

The mag's Eastern correspondent supplies some curious info/news regarding Japanese domestic material: such things as *Submersion of Japan* (from Japan's TBS television), which is a 68-minute, colour, TV spill-off show based on the feature of the same name, and *The Apes Corps* (also from the TBS network), which too closely resembles the *American Planet of the Apes* tele-series.

An intriguing and informative publication, whether you enjoy the Japanese movie style of destroying the world or not. Only one particular thing to mention to the potential buyer, and that is that this mag is not a glossy, slick publication. However, this is no problem, and the contents will overshadow any "fanzine" appearance this mag may have.

Copies obtainable from Greg Shoemaker, 3238 Collingwood, Toledo, Ohio 43610, U.S.A., at \$1.50 per copy (due to the limited quantity remaining). U.S. dollars via International Money Order, of course.

CINEFAN



King Kong • Max Steiner • 1931 • Lesley Ann Warren • A Romantic View Of The Toba Legend

This first issue of *CineFan* is literally packed solid with enough goodies to whet the appetite of a person even recently acquainted with the cinema of fantasy.

To start off with, part one of Greg Shoemaker's informal review and study of the famed Japanese Toba story, "A Romantic's View of the Toba Legend", offers the reader a detailed and compact observation of the history of this remarkable studio. Mr. Shoemaker, no stranger to oriental cinefantasies, follows the growth of the Nipponese Monster factory from *Ino-shime Honda's Godzilla* (1954) through to *Battle in Outer Space* (1959).

A composer mainly associated with the excellent 1933 *King Kong* score, Max Steiner was one of the greatest contributors of movie music to the Hollywood studios during the 1930's

and 1940's. An interview with the late maestro tells of his other, lesser acknowledged, achievements. One of the rare Steiner interviews.

Jack H. Harris and John Landis are men who created two horror-film satires which were given scant release (maybe for obvious reasons) in recent years. Mr. Harris, who produced *The Blob* back in '68, came out with *See of Blob* in 1972. Mr. Landis turned out *Schlock*, the story "of a missing link, the Schlock-theater, who goes bananas and kills everyone in sight until he falls in love with a beautiful blind girl who thinks he's a dog". If you missed these two gems first time out, here's a chance to read all about them and the men behind the productions.

In a section called "Cinefan", you'll come across an incredibly funny coverage of the film *The Lord Ukaouka*. It is related in film-bank style and utterly drips with sarcasm.

One of the nearest articles in this mag is Howard Clegg's "Performers in the Horror/Fantasy Cinema: 1950-1960". Excellent material not only in terms of text but also in the design of illustrations. The title of the piece tells all, content-wise.

For fans of Lesley Ann Warren (seen in that superb *Night Gallery* segment "Death on a Bench") there is an extensive interview covering her mainly non-fantasy-film career.

"Who Killed King Kong?" is a small, well-illustrated, piece concerning the overworked Kong theme. It is to the later, cheaply-made, unimaginative, over-exploited Z-grade movies that the title of this article is dedicated. Unfortunately, this piece was written before the advent of Mr. Golan's big contribution.

Eddy C. Bertin, a Belgian correspondent of the magazine, has a short article concerning fantasy on Belgian television. It mainly deals with an series (*Contes Fantastiques*) of teleplays, and is something that can only be interesting if you happen to be familiar with Belgian TV and it's viewing audience.

The usual magazine bits and pieces round up this above-average publication, including some lengthy (and quite interesting) reviews of such films as *See No Evil* (UK: Blind Terror), *Night Witch*, *The Legend of Hell House*, *Sisters* (UK: Blood Sisters), *Westworld*, *Horror Express*, *Soylent Green*, *Goliath*, *Deliverance*, and *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad*.

Edited and published by Randall G. Larson, *CineFan* is a 1974 publication. However, as just about all the contents are timeless, it is a magazine well worth investigating. Copies available from Randall Larson, 774 Vista Grande Avenue, Los Altos, California 94022, U.S.A., at \$2.50 (International Money Order).



Above: 'Sentinel' Father Halloran (John Carradine, right) aided by Father Franchino (Arthur Kennedy) attempt to save Alison Parker (Christina Raines) from the army of freakish demons and zombie-like resurrected murderers (unfortunately—or fortunately—out of picture).



Alison lets out a hysterical scream, upon seeing the night burglar she has stabbed is her own long-dead father.

the Sentinel

*'To us our course by Lot is given Charge
and strict watch that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in'*
Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Milton, one presupposes, knew exactly what he was on about... Jeffrey Konovitz, who makes enormous play of these particular lines in his book, and now his own combine's movie of *The Sentinel*, clearly does not. Nor indeed does his director, Britain's Michael Winner (without a winner since *Death Wish*). And this one won't improve his track-record. Believe me, even his obnoxious *Won Ton Ton, The Dog That Saved Hollywood*, was better than this abysmal shambles of a horror rip-off, which comes across with all the allure of a still-born *Rosemary's Baby*.

Sample script. And before, I promise, *Mad* magazine satirists have gotten hold of it...

Heroine to priest: I've rejected Christ. I need to come back... I've committed adultery. And I've tried to commit suicide.

Priest: Anything more...?
(As if that isn't enough to keep someone like Bergman busy enough for 90 dramatic minutes)

Heroine: I stabbed my father. But he was already dead!

Ah so... yes, well. Make of that what you can't. If you figure it could conceivably lead into a *Carrie* treat, think again friends. No way!

The only place this flick goes is downhill to oblivion. Fast!

Basically, *The Sentinel* is the story of a girl who attends a birthday party for a cat, with eight dead murderers and is re-born in a more painful, ugly and blood-bath fashion than Jimmy Carter ever was. According to *Miz Lilian*, anyway.

Our heroine is, but of course, your average, ocal, neighbourhood model girl. Searching for a new flat in New York, rather than living with and/or marrying her creepy, lawyer boyfriend. Wise chickie! For he is Chris Sarandon, last seen *raping* girl models in *Lipstick*. Worse still, he spends all this film trying (a) to look prettier than female lead Christina Raines and (b) showing off his Warren Beatty doppelgänger profile to, presumably, his agent's best advantage. Sarandon's just not to be trusted from the word go. His moustache and bland—not to say, asleep—manner tells you that.

In other words, early on, you get the picture. Nothing is quite what it seems. Like Mr. Sarandon. Like some very peculiar prelates, and ever the wider-beamed than usual Ava Gardner as an estate agent in a floppy hat. Furthermore, the messy scenario

Review by Tony Crawley

the

expects us to be shocked by the big dis-
enfranchisement—cue for more staid brass from
Gil Mello's score—that the very entrance
to Hades lives in Brooklyn Heights.

Normality that would be no big thing;
New York is, after all, the home of muggers
and most forms of corruption. Except here,
Mike Winner, between advertising Britain
in wall-posters, attempts to publicize the
beauty that once was New York via carefree
bike rides in Central Park—with not a single
attack or heroin addict in sight. Why, he
even has the inaccurate gall to have our
heroine lying in the road, screaming like
a stuck pig, blood all over her fashionable
nightie, and people run out of their front
doors and come to her aid. That'll be the day!

Mr. Winner obviously believes his own
scripts—that Mr. Bronson actually *did* clean
up New York's streets in *Death Wish*!

With the girl's hunt for a new flat, the film
instantly reminds one of *Rosemary's Baby*.
Even more so, when she is ensconced in an
ivy-covered manor, she is bedgered by
Burgess Meredith apparently playing Ruth
Gordon. Mr. Meredith is a distinguished actor.
Oscar-nominated this year for his acting in
Rocky; well remembered for valiant work in
a bunch of Otto Preminger movies; even as
The Penguin in TV's *Batman*. Never ever has
he been so outrageously hammy as in this
production. He's atrocious! Same must be
said for almost every single member of a
rotten cast. Apart, perhaps, from John
Carnadine (the now-humbled 1940s horror
star); though to be honest I can't remember
now if he ever said a single word throughout.
Most of the few big names in the line-up are
restricted to little more than three or four
scenes apiece. José Ferrer, Ava Gardner,
Arthur Kennedy among them. Martin Balsam,
best actor of the bunch, has just one solitary
scene. He could've phoned that in.

I do hear tell that while shooting in New
York, Michael Winner's unit bumped into
Richard Dreyfuss, and he agreed to add a little
cameo to the roster of character-actors. I didn't
see him anywhere in the movie, though.
Probably his agent got to read the script. . . .

But I digress. The plot you're squawking.
What of the plot? Yes, well, there's the rub.
What murky plot there is—and I think there is
one—is so badly constructed, executed,
explained and portrayed, that I'm at a loss how
best to pass it on. . . .

Girl model searches for flat. (Well, I think
you know that much already). Girl model finds
flat. Girl model soon wants to lose flat. For
girl model meets odd neighbours—including
Sylvia Miles, who must, dammitall, appear in
every film made in New York. She comes on
here like an over-ripe (and all too often-nude)
Marlene Dietrich, with Beverly D'Angelo as



Gerde and friend (Sylvia Miles and Beverly D'Angelo) feast on the still-warm corpse of Michael Lerman (Chris Sarandon).

her similarly ballet-costumed companion.

Girl model hears bumps in the night (oh
no!), sees chandelier swinging above her bed,
goes stalking and kills a mystery figure who
turns out to be (surprise, surprise) her already-
dead father. This disclosure, however, does
not stop her going at it to the Bunuel manner
born, slicing his eye-ball and cutting his nose
right off.

From hereon, girl model starts fainting on
the job, with a buzzing in the head. (I'm not sur-
prised, I was, by now, suffering similar nausea
myself). Her fella early on had started checking
up on the house, using a private eye who
helped him bump off his first wife. But he's
soon killed. Boyfriend checks into Catholic
church records for there is—didn't I mention
it?—a blind old priest on the top floor, staring
sightlessly out of his window 24 hours a day,
seven days a week. (Maybe this film was made
for his kind).

By the merciful end of it all, Winner lapses
in taste and vision with a Harper's bazaar
hocus-pocus finale that ties up not a single
one of the umpteen red herrings littering the
plot. Instead he turns the film into Todd
Browning rip-off and fills the screen with the
most God-awful looking freaks of every shape,
size and deformity. Fortunately, camera man Dick
Kratina dwells only on the faked freaks (make-
up by Dick Smith, man behind Hoffman's
Little Big Man old-man look, and the un-
forgettable Linda Blair's Rogan in *The
Exorcist*). However, all the other freaks, the
real ones—really vile at that—gathered in, one
understands, from every ten cent side show
and circus (and possibly every asylum too)
are there in plenty and make one reach for a
vomit bag.

So does the entire film. If there are any
redeeming features in it, one has to be Eli
Wallach's short stroll-on as a cop with one
great line ("If we don't exaggerate the evi-
dence sometimes, everyone's gonna get off—
instead of 90% of them") and Deborah Raffin,
as the heroine's best friend. She would have
made a far better leading lady, as Christina

Raines never lives up to her powerful potential
from *Nashville*. Oh she's a lovely girl. With a
Dunaway face and a gorgeously salacious
smile. Except she has damned little to smirk
about in this high blown rubbish.

To be fair, one leading Stateside 'critic',
columnist Rex Reed, adores this 'bone-
chilling, nerve-frying Halloween epic . . .
effectively blood-spattered nonsense, ex-
tremely well made and always eager to do
what good horror movies should do, which is
to send you in to shock.' From whence one is
prone to write such a review, I suppose. Then
again, a guy I respect on the West Coast, Ron
Pennington, goes so far as to praise Winner's
'excellent sense of atmosphere and slow
building terror.'

Sorry, I just don't see it—much less, feel it—
that way. For Winner-style, credible horror,
give me *The Nightcomers* every time. *The
Sentinel* has, for the moment, to top my list of
the Ten Worst Films of 1977. Indeed of the
'70s. Unfortunately for Mr. Winner, he chose
the wrong script—and De Palma beats him all
the way with the fighter *Carrie*. Michael
Winner should in fact stick to that which he
does best. Urban dramas or thrillers. Contem-
porary subjects. Not conscriptible.

THE SENTINEL (1976)

Chris Sarandon (*Michael Lerman*), Christina
Raines (*Alison Parker*), Martin Balsam (*Professor*), John
Carnadine (*Malivox*), José Ferrer (*Robert Figure*), Ava
Gardner (*Miss Logan*), Arthur Kennedy (*Francine*),
Burgess Meredith (*Clarence*), Sylvia Miles (*Gerde*),
Deborah Raffin (*Jeanette*), Eli Wallach (*Gatz*).

A Universal Picture in association with Jeffrey Kovitz
Productions, for C.I.C. distribution.

Director, Michael Winner; producers/script, Michael
Winner, Jeffrey Kovitz, from the novel by Kovitz;
camera (Panavision/Technicolor), Dick Kratina, music,
Gil Mello; special visual effects, Albert Whitlock;
special make-up, Dick Smith, Bob Loden.

Running time: 92 mins.

Cert. X

SHADOWMAN

FROM the cinema world of nocturnal, masked avengers comes **Shadowman**, a parody of the type of serial-thriller that were originally created by Louis Feuillade and, in feature form, by Fritz Lang. Also, later attempted by Mario Bava.

Georges Franju's **Shadowman** (*L'Homme Sans Visage*) is a 1970's film that has its roots in early silent French and early German cinema.

Louis Feuillade (1874-1925) has proved to be a great influence on Franju. During the days of the silent French cinema, Feuillade was churning out serials such as **Fantomas** (1913-14), **Les Vampires** (1915-16), and **Tih Minh** (1918). These films were loaded with ominous, black-garbed characters slipping in and

of Feuillade's serial world. This school of cinema seems to create more avengers who operate outside the law than the commonly accepted comic-book or pulp legion of masked-crimefighters; Mario Bava's **Danger: Diabolik** (1967) is a colourful example.

The basic theme of **Shadowman** tells of a mysterious figure (Jacques Champreux) who is intent on stealing the treasure belonging to the once powerful Knights Templar. He is assisted by an equally mysterious girl (Gayle Hunnicutt) and a forbidding army of Zombies and Robots.

The combination of terror and humour work well, the results being utterly *fantastique*.

Franju has let his players merely play along with their roles, thus letting his audience remain merely viewers to the absurd events with no identification to the screen characters. The central figure is a criminal, continually in an assortment of disguises, who arranges events for the audience to be either alarmed or amused at their outrageousness (the latter usually wins out).

If the release print had retained the original running-time (as it was made as a French tv serial) it would have served (after some tactical cutting) as an exciting chapter-play, in the familiar tradition of the old Columbia/Republic serials.



one can overcome (outside of the limited technicalities concerning soundtrack dubbing) because here we have a Frenchman (Champreux), an American (Hunnicutt), a German (Froebe), and an Italian (Pagliai) heading the cast. So, dubbing into "American" is a necessity that cannot be avoided.

In this film evil triumphs merely by not letting the forces of law and order catch up with it, although the forces of evil have had (along the route) to resort to some pretty absurd lengths to stay on top. In short, everyone gets a good run for their money if they don't take themselves too seriously. The closing moments of the film are enjoyably reminiscent of the 1960's chain of Fu Manchu thrillers; "we'll be back soon . . . very soon".

Sidney Falco



out of shadows, donning disguises, and generally creating mayhem. Germany's Fritz Lang, too, had created fanatical masterminds who controlled well-organised underworld empires. These, again, were mysterious characters in and out of elaborate disguises, sending their minions off to perform impractical crimes—anything from simple murders to colossal disasters. Lang's contributions, also having their effect on Franju's work, include **Dr. Mabuse, Der Spieler** (1922), **Spione** (1928), and **Das Testament des Dr. Mabuse** (1933).

Now, it is from these origins that Georges Franju has formed the exploits of **L'Homme Sans Visage** (The Man Without a Face). His **Judex**, released in 1963, was an earlier "reworking"



The dubbing of voices, which always plagues this kind of material, in this film is as bad as any other you have ever heard. This, however, is a problem no-

SHADOWMAN

(*L'Homme Sans Visage*)

CAST:

Shadowman	Jacques Champreux
The Girl	Gayle Hunnicutt
Ins. Soldier	Bert Froebe
Paul	Ugo Pagliai
Marine	Josephine Chaplin
Séraphine	Patrick Préjean
Albert	Yvan Bony
Dr. Dutroux	Clément Harari
Prof. Pétit	Henry Lincoln

Produced by Terra Film (Paris) and S.D.A.T. (Milan).
Director: GEORGES FRANJU; Screenplay: Jacques Champreux; Photography: Guido Bazza Bertoni; Music: Georges Franju.

This film is also known under the Titles **The Man Without a Face** and **Nuits Rouges**.
Cart. 'A'

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The Year of FUMANCHU

by Denis Gifford

1932: the most horrible year in history! That's what it looked like being, in the gospel according to Hollywood and the gossip according to *Film Weekly*! In January they announced the first talkie version of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*: in Lon Chaney's classic mould of Quasimodo, the screen's first star of the Horror film, Bela Dracula Lugosi! A week or two later came the oews that the screen's second star of the new genre would appear—or otherwise—as *The Invisible Man*: Boris Frankenstein Karloff! In February came the pronouncement that Karel Capek's futuristic robot play *R.U.R.* was to be produced at Paramount by Rouben Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde Mamoulian! March brought the bulletin that Universal were about to make a Horror film of a white mao turning cannibal.

The title was not revealed, but it could have been *Murder Invisible* by Philip Wylie, which was claimed to be the next Boris Karloff vehicle, announced March 18th. It certainly could not have been *Robinson Crusoe*, the Karloff thriller announced a month or so later! Nor was it *Bluebeard* or *The Wizard*, two more Karloff pictures promulgated for the end of the year.

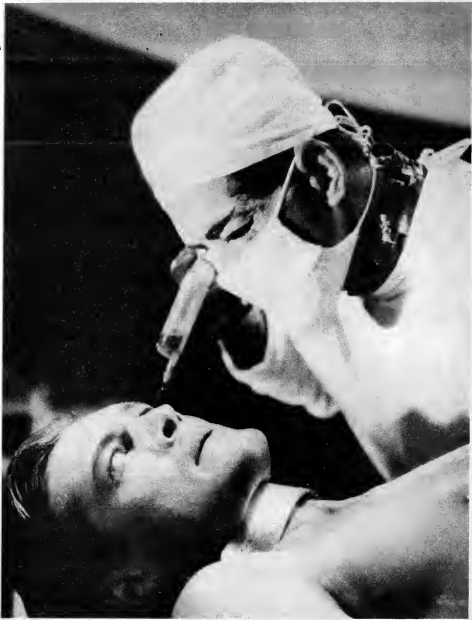
Another Hollywood horror regularly publicised during the early months of 1932 was destined to share the same fate as the seven titles listed above—never to be seen by British picturegoers. This was the film, a still from which was published in *Film Weekly* of February 13th under the headline: "First Picture of Amazing Freaks Film!" Under the photograph the caption read: "All Hollywood is discussing *Freaks*, a circus life talkie. Here is Tod Browning directing a few members of his weird cast in a dramatic role." The picture showed Browning, his camera crew, and eight of the more photogenic actors in *Freaks*. On April the first, another picture appeared. This time it was a funny one, picked

perhaps to tone down the upsetting impact of the other. "What a girl!" read the caption. "This is the charming costume Roscoe (Stutter) Ates wears in the circus life talkie, *Freaks*." It showed the comedian in drag! Then it seemed a curtain of silence clanked down on the film, and it joined the legendary stockpile of unshown shockers. Not because, as with the other films, it was not made: but because it was! It would be thirty years before the British Censor considered the audilecces in his care adult enough to observe it. Then, after a brief ovelling in a small cinema or two, the vaults opened up and swallowed it again. There is not even one recorded instance of *Freaks* playing on television.

Karloff follows "Freaks" failure

The reason is not hard to deduce. Hollywood had proved the picturegoing public had a taste for monsters. Director-producer Tod Browning, indeed, had helped create that taste back in the silent days of Lon Chaney. Browning, an old circus and sideshow man, had always applied his canny knowhow to movies, and it seemed obvious that the appeal of the fairground freak show would be just as powerful in pictures as it was in life. But it was not so. Moviegoers wanted escape from life into fantasy, not forced confrontation with the real, living face of horror. It was not Johnny Eck the Man with Half a Body, or Raudian the living Torso, or Coo-Koo the Bird Woman they wanted to see: it was the Man Who Made America Monster Minded—Karloff the Uncanny. The mask, not the monster.

Tod Browning packed his film-star freaks back to their circus, and was sent packing himself. MGM, under its paternal dictator Louis B. Mayer, disowned the film. Then, like the public, they called for Karloff. Under inspired if obvious makeup which included unbelievably long fingernails, Karloff was cast as Sax-Rohmer's inspired if obvious fictional villain in *The Mask of*



Boris Karloff (as the fiendish Fu Manchu) about to inject Charles Starrett with zombie juice!



Lugosi and murderous ape in a publicity pose from the 1932 production of Murders in The Rue Morgue.

Fu Manchu. MGM, hoping for a Horror film, had made a horrible ooe: now they rectified their mistake, and did so heartily.

The horror boom had not only created a starry career for ex-hit-player Boris Karloff, it had brought about a fringe benefit: Hollywood hairdressers and cosmeticians had suddenly come into their own. These experts with putty and paint had long laboured unknown in the film factory production line. Now they stepped into the spotlight as studio publicists saw story material in the long hours of painstaking labour required to turn man into monster. Yet even with the attention paid to Fredric March's *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, Paramount failed to include the name of the makeup man on their credit titles. It was the same anonymous artist whose retreat of the Karloff features for *The Miracle Man* was revealed in a *Film Weekly* photograph of March 12th. "Boris Frankenstein Karloff is a monster again," wrote the caption writer, a forgivable error that was not retracted when the review of the film on May 6th revealed that Karloff was ooching of the sort. In this talkie remake of the silent film that had "made" Lon Chaoey, Karloff was no more than cash-in casting for advertising value.

"Successor to Lon Chaney"

"John Wray plays 'The Frog', the double-jointed crotchortionist who transforms himself into a horribly deformed cripple at will, with revolting realism. He proves a capable successor to Lon Chaoey in this role, and the gruesome way in which he untwists himself, with the microphone apparently recording the cracking of his joints, will make filmgoers squirm in their seats."

Karloff was merely Nikko, one of the crooks, whose dust-up with the titular star Chester Morris (ex-*The Bat Whispers*), was witnessed by *Film Weekly's* Hollywood Representative, Donovan

Pedely. "Chester Morris is throwing Boris Karloff over a stair-head. Mattresses are laid down out of sight of the cameras, the bannisters are sawn nearly through so that they break at a touch, and the fight begins. Every man and woman on the stage gathers round to watch it. But one child is busy playing by himself." This was Robert Coogan, Jackie's kid brother, having fun with his leg-braces and a rubber-wheeled tripod!

Pedely had scarcely left the Paramount studio for Universal City before Karloff was at it again, properly this time, in *The Old Dark House*. The Pedely report of May 20th was headlined "West End Stars in Hollywood's British Film". It began sourly, James Whale, the director, ordered Pedely off the set! And a fascinating set it was. To simplify his shooting schedule Whale had the entire old dark house built on Universal's largest sound stage (first used for the famous *Broadway*) and simply moved from room to room as the action progressed. "Weird without hokum" was how Pedely described the fabulous Femm residence. "Thick stone walls, mullioned embrasured windows, black oak beams, gargoyle haunisters, and all the appurtenances, but not a single sliding panel or a solitary trap door." In the makeup room Pedely observed the master at work. "In a surprisingly short time Eva Moore became a haggard, raddled, hideous old harrikan." But he failed to name the man with the magic. It was, of course, Jack P. Pierce, master of the mask. Then, from the next room, "a clear, melodious, and very English voice" was heard ordering a chicken sandwich and a chocolate malted milk!

"Can that be the diet of a monster?" we asked each other and promptly looked to see. It was Boris Karloff (*née* Pratt), revoltingly disguised by a scarred cheek, enlarged head, and one of those beards which consist of long, individual hairs sprouting strongly but sparsely from a parchment skin, who again has to eat his meals alone, and imbibe as much as possible

through straws to avoid spoiling the makeup man's handiwork. Poor Boris is very sensitive and begged us not to look at him. "He looks," said Charles Laughton, "like an idiot with a stained-glass complex."

The film still which accompanied Pedelty's piece showed a curly-locked Karloff in conflict with the eye-witness description. The caption made all clear: "After this still was taken it was decided that Boris Karloff's makeup was too ordinary, so he was given scars and a beard." History was repeating itself just as with *Frankenstein*, Jack Pierce and James Whale were having second thoughts and moulding more monstrous masks upon Karloff's bony base. The final result was revealed in *Film Weekly's* photo-gravure centre-spread of June 24th: "Guess who? Yes, it is our old friend Boris Karloff at his tricks again!"

Karloff's tricks as Morgan the butler, dumb and dangerous when drunk, included the touch of humanity that had made his *Frankenstein* Monster so memorable: his affection for Saul, the sly pyromaniac of the family. The fantastic Femms, waspish Horace, religiously cranky Rebecca, mad Saul and bed-ridden Sir Roderick (102 and still crowing strong), might well have been the inspiration for Charles Addams and his cartoon monsters. Their overblown eccentricities were more than matched by Charles Laughton as self-made Sir William Porterhouse, forced to spend a night at their stormbound manse. The other benighted travellers were less overdone than Porterhouse, although Raymond Massey did his best.

James Whale came home for the premiere and was feted with a grand dinner shared with the original author, J. B. Priestley. Priestley told Herbert Thompson, who told his *Film Weekly* readers, that he thought his story had been departed from rather unnecessarily at times, but was inclined to forgive everything for the brilliance of Whale's direction, his vivid opening, and the general atmosphere and setting. Thompson asked Priestley about the actors. "I thought they were all excellent," he said, "But Ernest Thesiger and the girl who played the chorus girl were really brilliant." Thompson had the pleasure of telling him that the girl, Lillian Bond, was not only English, she hailed from Fulham, just like the Gladys of the novel. And the American actor, charm-boy Melvyn Douglas? "I thought the moustache was a mistake," said J.B. He thought Laughton a shade too broad (in style, not beam), and added a John Blunt comment of his own. "What I should



Nayland Smith (Lewis Stone) at the not-so-tender mercy of his arch-foe, Fu Manchu (Boris Karloff).

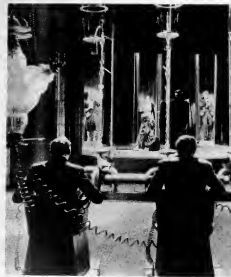
very much like to know is, what British producers think when they see a film made in Hollywood from an English novel which has been available for five or six years." Elstree, inscrutable then as now, answered not.

The Old Dark House opened at the Capitol cinema on October 23rd, a Sunday. The film would become a Sunday favourite, regularly reissued through the Forties on that double-bill day of repertory. John Gammie made his *Film Weekly* review into a leading feature headlined "The Horror Film Again."

"The vexed question of the horror film again rears its ugly head (and rears is the word) with the arrival this weekend of the



Karloff again. This time starring in James Whale's 1932 thriller, *The Old Dark House* (taken from the book by J. B. Priestley).



Doctor X, starring **Lionel Atwill** and **Foy Wray**. A murder is enacted, with the suspects 'wired-up' for reactions.

latest James Whale-Boris Karloff excursion into the realms of the unnatural. To give them their due, Messrs Whale and Karloff have progressed since the day when they dabbled in the crude though diverting sensations of *Frankenstein*. There is a new and welcome restraint about their work . . .

Gammie's long review ended perceptively: "*The Old Dark House* may not be good pre-bedtime entertainment for the young, though the average child will love it." These were the "A" days, of course, before the British Censor crested his "H" Certificate to prevent the under-sixteens from enjoying themselves! But that did not stop Local Authorities from doing their best, and the fan mags made much of *Frankenstein's* bannings in Leicester and Belfast: "Blasphemous and unedifying" was the Irish verdict.

The Censor had been the cause of the delay in showing Bela Lugosi's long-awaited follow-up to *Dracula*. Edgar Allan Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue* as adapted by Robert Florey finally opened at the Capitol on May 27th, with a release delayed to September 4th. John Gammie made the point that "possibly owing to cuts by the Censor, the development of the sadistic story is so jerky that it is sometimes difficult to follow." He found Florey's elaboration of the famous Poe short story, grand-daddy of all detective yarns, had been done with "such a lack of imagination that it has become merely a collection of sombre and gruesome incidents. *Murders in the Rue Morgue* cannot be justified, either as an entertainment or as an experiment in fantastic melodrama." Lugosi, however, he considered "genuinely sinister in the part of the nefarious Dr. Mirakle," the sideshow scientist who secretly blended the blood of prostitutes with the blood of his tame ape. It will be recalled that Lugosi had taken the role in lieu of *Frankenstein's* Monster, a part he found to be burdened by too much makeup and too few lines. He had plenty of lines as Mirakle, spouting his pseudo-science at the gaping peasants. He had makeup, too, mostly in the eyebrow department, lovingly created by Jack Pierce.

The first special makeup credit in Horror films appeared in the mood-setting titles of *Doctor X*: "Mask Effects by the Max Factor Co." And the Company certainly deserved it: the changing face

of the hideous monstrosity moulded out of "synthetic flesh", bubbling and steaming in a laboratory vat, remains one of the classic sequences in horror history. To add to the thrills, the mysterious Moon Monster was a one-armed scientist, with home-made spare-parts hanging in his locker!

Doctor X formed the front page editorial of *Film Weekly's* edition of September 16th: "Comedy Rescues Talkie Thrillers." Editor Thompson reckoned "modern audiences simply will not treat the clatrap of old-fashioned mystery melodrama seriously—and who can blame them?" Therefore Warner Brothers, realising this, had cast as the hero of their first Horror film a comedian. Lee Tracy, a fast-talking fellow from Broadway played his reporter as a tipsy wisecracker, which helped the audience stomach even cannibalism. "Tracy gets any amount of humour out of posing as a dead body, laid out on a slab, and playing with the ribs of a skeleton. Alone and almost unaided, he raises an otherwise banal and ridiculous film into the class of quite good entertainment."

But there was one mystery about *Doctor X* which baffled even Herbert Thompson. "I had been reading American advertisements which described the film as 'the greatest all-technicolor sensation'. I went along to the London premiere expecting a surprise. I got the surprise all right. The print of *Doctor X* sent to London is in *ordinary black and white*!" What happened to the colour? Thompson posed the question at length, but the Warner Brothers answered not. Although the technicolor of the time was little more than a mixture of red and green, these tints mixed with the Max Factor Mask Effects must have added a new dimension of terror.



Mask of Fu Manchu. Left to right: **Myrna Loy**, **Charles Storrett** and **Boris Karloff**.

1932 ended brilliantly, with the opening (at the Capitol, of course!) on Sunday December 4th of *The Hounds of Zaroff*. This time it was RKO's anonymous makeup man who gave Leslie Banks his sinister scar. The role of the Russian big game hunter who, bored with the chase, wrecks ships on his private island and hunts humans for his kicks, was the British actor's screen debut. He was none too impressed with himself ("I range about too much with my voice"), but John Gammie thought otherwise. "Banks brings all the strength of a commanding personality to bear on the character, creating a perfect portrait of a man of high intelligence suffering from a bestial obsession." Added Gammie, "It contains nothing offensive and is seldom gruesome." But then, he saw the version the British Censor allowed him to see: minus the mummified heads that were the trophies of Zaroff's horrific hunt.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

Mobile, Alabama—On the outskirts of this sultry, pull port city sits a building in the shape of an airplane hangar, 450 feet long, 250 feet wide and 90 feet high. It is some six times larger than the largest sound stage ever constructed in Hollywood.

Its occupants include the 114 members of the cast and crew of Columbia Pictures *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. To enter the hangar, a visitor must display a clearance badge, checked and double-checked by a round-the-clock security force. What is happening 'inside'? Everyone concerned is sworn to secrecy.

Director/writer Steven Spielberg is quick to point out that the air of mystery surrounding the vast sound stage is not just a publicity stunt. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, he explains, will utilize totally new techniques in photography, lighting, optics and special effects. The film's opening is still months away so why spoil the surprises?

This much is known. A close encounter of the third kind is a contact between earth's human beings and extra-terrestrial creatures or alien beings. Whatever is going on inside the hangar is vital to Spielberg's aim. And this is to combine scientific conjecture that we share our universe with other intelligent life forms and the experiences of thousands of people who claim to have sighted or communicated with UFO's, into one dazzling, enlightening entertainment spectacle.

At the age of 23, Spielberg has directed just two motion pictures. The first was *Sugarland Express* (with Goldie Hawn). The second was *Jaws*, a landmark in the cinema and the highest-grossing movie of all time. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is the first film which Spielberg has both written and directed.

Last Spring, Spielberg began casting his film. First signed was Richard Dreyfuss, whose role is a complete departure from the brilliant coxsongrapher he played in *Jaws*. This time, Dreyfuss is an average working man, not particularly sophisticated or intelligent and hardly



RICHARD DREYFUSS plays Roy Neary, power company trouble shooter, whose job brings him into contact with the alien beings.

prepared to cope with the mind-boggling 'close encounter' in which he becomes ensnared.

Spielberg went to Paris to choose an admittedly off-beat co-star for Dreyfuss—the acclaimed French film director, François Truffaut. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* marks the first time that Truffaut is acting in a film which he is not directing. Films he did direct, including *Day for Night*, have won an array of international honours, including an Oscar, a Grand Prix at the Cannes Film Festival and the New York Film Critics' Circle Award.

Also in the cast is Teri Garr, in a complete switch from her compliant conspirator in *Mel Brooks, Young Frankenstein*.



FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT, director of *Day for Night*, plays a French expert on outer space.



TERI GARR and two of her children look so in fear and bewilderment at the strange behaviour of her husband, played by Richard Dreyfuss.



STEVEN (Jaws) SPIELBERG, director/writer of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

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PAUL NASHY
Return of the Werewolf (Spain, 1973)

Following our extensive features on the new King Kong film (HoH 8) and the original Eighth Wonder of the World (HoH 9), Steve Moore now takes a look at the secondary simians spawned by ambitious movie-makers. And, on page 32, John Fleming ties up our three-part ape feature

KONG

KING KONG A fitting name for the monarch of monsters who has reigned supreme for more than forty years now. And, as with most rulers, much tribute has been paid to the King . . . in the form of sequels, follow-ups and imitation films . . . ultimately culminating in the greatest appreciation of them all, today's up-dated remake of the original film, forty-three years after its first showing. Added to that, there's been a constant stream of souvenirs, mementoes and goodies, too . . . a whole ape industry has grown up. . . .

The original King Kong movie, made in 1933, is still constantly being reshowed in cinemas and on television all round the world, and has justly earned its place among the classics of the cinema. But right back at the beginning, before the film had even been shown, the producers had no way of knowing just what a winner they had on their hands. Still, they were obviously confident . . . confident enough to start a series of spin-offs and tie-ins to promote the film right from the start.

opened in New York a little later. And even when these spectaculars had been dropped (they were, after all, too expensive to continue indefinitely) King Kong still played to standing-room-only audiences. A great film, aided by a great campaign, had really taken off . . .

To tie in with the release of the film, the February 1933 issue of *Mystery Magazine* began serialisation of the novel of King Kong, "written" by the famous detective-story writer Edgar Wallace (see HoH 9 for further details), in collaboration with Merian C. Cooper. The novel was later collected into book form, and though of a slightly dated style, makes exciting reading, if you're lucky enough to find a copy.

Man in an ape suit . . .

Sheet music, for the piano, of the film's theme was also published, and the film's bewildering (for the times) special effects also got plenty of attention. Not the right attention mind you . . . *Modern Mechanix and Inventions* magazine published an illustrated two-page spread which "revealed" that King Kong was a



Early "ape" . . . The Missing Link from a 1925 adaptation of Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*. (Willis O'Brien winning much acclaim for his animated dinosaurs in this silent classic)



Willis O'Brien (assisted by Ray Harryhausen) handled the effects on this giant ape. Mighty Joe Young (1949)

The publicity campaign was enormous, especially for those pre-television days, running even as far as buying a whole half-hour's radio time to do a programme-cum-commercial to announce the film. Before the premiere showing at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, there was a full-scale, seventeen act musical extravaganza, live on stage, featuring musicians, singers and dancers, and there were also similar stage shows, full of jungle rhythms and exotic dances, when the film

man in an ape-suit . . . and despite recent claims, no one has officially admitted that anything else than stop-frame animation and giant mock-ups were used.

Following such a stupendous success, the time was obviously right for a sequel, taking advantage of the massive interest already generated. This was *Son of Kong*, made in the same year, 1933, and featured much the same team. The director was Ernest B. Schoedsack, who had collaborated with Merian C. Cooper

on the first film's direction, and Robert Armstrong played a role in both pictures. Willis O'Brien again handled the special effects and animation of the giant ape.

Son of Kong went the way of many sequels, and has largely been forgotten. In it an adventurer returned to the island where King Kong had first been discovered, and found his offspring, a giant white ape. But this time the film was played much more for laughs, and the ape looked cuddly rather than threatening. It was another display of brilliant special effects, but little more. One of Willis O'Brien's later projects might have been more interesting, had it reached the screen. This was *King Kong vs Frankenstein* . . . but the film never got beyond the planning stage, which must be a considerable loss to both horror films and Kong fans . . .

Kong Re-Born

But if O'Brien was to have no more dealings with the King of Kongs, his career as a special effects man was far from over, and in 1949 he returned to the subject of giant apes. The film was *Mighty Joe Young*, the director was Schoedsack once more, and the star (apart from the ape, of course!) was again Robert Armstrong. One new face was of interest, however . . . the debut, in collaboration with O'Brien, of a new young special effects man, Ray Harryhausen. Since O'Brien's death in 1962, Harryhausen has had a virtual monopoly on model-animation special effects, and has developed something of a cult following. You may recall seeing his work in such films as

S KIND

by Steve Moore

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad and Jason and the Argonauts.

Mighty Joe Young has been the subject of heated debate among film fans for many years. Some, influenced no doubt by the excellent special effects, see it as the best 'ape' picture of them all. Others, with an eye more on the story-line, see it as a cleaned-up, cut-down King Kong, fit only for children. For Mighty Joe Young is a good ape, and only ten feet tall to boot! He's the household pet of an orphan girl in Africa, as well-trained as a pet dog. Girl and ape are discovered by a passing showman, who is leading a cowboy safari, and taken to America to appear as a night-club act. Later, when the giant ape saves his young mistress from a blazing orphanage, we realise just how far the film is removed from the original shock value of King Kong. But the special effects were brilliant enough to win O'Brien an Academy Award...

Model animation is expensive and time-consuming, and it's hardly surprising that only three such giant-ape pictures were made in the thirties and forties. But there was also a constant stream of normal size apes appearing in films throughout this period, and even earlier... right back to the beginning of the cinema itself. For these films a man wearing a gorilla suit could be used (though it must be said that they hardly ever looked convincing) and these ape-players shambled and grunted



Toho's not-so-acceptable Kong in their 1957 production, King Kong Versus Godzilla.

their way through hundreds of jungle-pictures, comedies, and so on.

More interesting to fantasy fans were films such as those based on Edgar Allan Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, made three times, in 1914 (silent), 1931, with Bela Lugosi, and 1954, in colour and 3-D. This one was the classic tale of a series of unexplained murders,

which eventually turned out to have been committed by a trained ape on behalf of its vengeful master. And there were innumerable pictures with apes that had been half-humanised, as in *Baloo the Demon Baboon* (1913), or men that had been partially turned into apes, as in *A Blind Bargain*, starring Lon Chaney Sr. made in 1922. And there were even women-into-ape movies, like *Captive Wild Woman* (1943) which was successful enough to run to a couple of sequels.

By the time anyone got round to another giant ape picture, it was the men in monkey suits who ruled the roost, while the animators turned their attention to other things. *Konga* was the first of this new breed, an English-American co-production in 1960. The film, produced by Herman Cohen and directed by John Lement, starred Michael Gough as



An effective shot from the 1963 Universal/Toho film, King Kong Escapes.

From Konga to Mytek

Doctor Decker, a scientist whose plane crashes in the African jungle. There he is befriended by a tiny monkey, Konga, and some giant native tribesmen, who derive their size and strength from a previously unknown jungle plant. After some time studying in the jungle, Decker returns to London, bringing with him both Konga and his miraculous growth serum. Under its influence, Konga grows to the size of a gorilla, but the serum also gives him a telepathic link with Decker, and considerably increased intelligence. As Konga picks up the frustrations and suppressed hatreds that Decker feels when his work is threatened, he lets himself

KONG CLIPPINGS

Since *Planet of the Apes*, simian cinema seems to have fallen almost completely into satire. *Schlock* came along in 1974, a cheapie made without the benefit of a full-time professional film company, but getting a certain amount of cinema distribution in the States. This was an outright send-up, featuring a 'missing-link' known as the *Schlockthropus*, which committed a bizarre series of banana murders in Los Angeles. At the same time, the film satirised 'classic' scenes from both Ape pictures and other famous horror films. *King Kong Fu* was another send up, combining two popular film styles by having a gorilla that practised Chinese martial arts. Neither of these films have reached Britain so far, although from their reputation, it doesn't sound as if we're missing too much!

Latest in the field is *Queen Kong*, 'the liberated lady gorilla', directed by Frank Agrama and starring Ray Fay and Luce Habit. Another outright satire, this one sticks more closely to the original storyline of *King Kong*.



The mechanical Kong from *King Kong Escapes* (1963).

but with certain differences . . . not the least of which is that the 60-foot tall gorilla is a female! The island where *Queen Kong* is found is not far from the coast off Brighton, and there are attacks by man-eating prehistoric scottish baggies!

But there's one tie-in we've been saving until last, because it's the most curious of all. They say art is an imitation of nature, but sometimes nature imitates art. And that's exactly what seems to have happened in Malaysia in August 1966. There were stories in local papers such as the *Malay Mail*, which were subsequently carried worldwide by Reuter's newsagency, of a giant ape wandering through the Malay jungles. The ape is apparently shy and harmless . . . but it leaves footprints 18 inches across and is said to be 25 feet high! Whether there's any substance in the reports we don't know, and we've heard nothing in the following ten years. But if there *should* be something out there in the trees . . . and if someone *should* find it and bring it back alive . . . well, you know what happens next . . .

When *King Kong* was screened in Germany, the Nazi authorities removed all scenes involving physical contact between the Aryan heroine, Fay Wray, and the great black ape. He was obviously racially impure!

This wasn't the only element in the castration of *Kong*. The original release prints also had several scenes censored and, although the cut sections were recently re-discovered, most versions of the movie shown today are still incomplete. The cuts included a shot on Skull Island of an enormous hairy foot trampling a native baby into the ground. A scene in which, after ripping off Fay Wray's dress, Kong sniffs his fingers. And a shot in New York of a screaming woman being thrown down into the street below.

Kong has also invaded other films. One of his back-projection plates turns up in the *Citizen Kane* picnic scene. But there is no truth to the rumour that the great ape muttered "Rosebud" as he fell to his death.

Cooper was a man who liked a challenge. He fought against Pancho Villa in Mexico; flew bombers in World War One; fought with the Poles against the Russians; escaped from a Soviet prison camp; and went on a \$10,000 round-the-world expedition with *Kong* producer Ernest B. Schoedsack. He won an honorary Oscar in 1952 for "his many innovations and contributions to the art of motion pictures".

It was Merian Cooper who wrote the so-called 'Arabian proverb' which opens the film: **AND THE BEAST LOOKED UPON THE FACE OF BEAUTY. AND LO! HIS HAND WAS STAYED FROM KILLING. AND FROM THAT DAY FORWARD HE WAS AS ONE DEAD.**

Cooper has actually conceived the *Kong* character in late 1929 while in Africa shooting animal footage for *The Four Feathers* (co-directed by Schoedsack and starring Fay Wray). But he didn't decide on production until December 1931.

To get financial backing for the film, O'Brien shot a sample reel for RKO stockholders. This included a sequence used in the finished film—in which *Kong* tips sailors off a tree-trunk bridge on the island. The eerie visual style of *Skull Island* was based on the work of the prolific 19th century illustrator Paul Gustave Dore.

Filming started in May 1932, with Seznick as executive producer. Live-action scenes were shot in tandem with *The Howards of Zoroff* (also starring Fay Wray), sometimes using the same sets and crew. Seznick said: "One of the biggest gambles I took at RKO was to squeeze money out of the budgets of other pictures for this venture." *Kong* took a year to film and most of its \$600,000 budget was spent on special effects.

Despite the expensive model-work, some scenes did show a man in an ape-suit. His stage name was Ken Rood (real name Carmen Nigro). He was paid \$7,500 but had to provide his own costume. It cost him \$3,500 and consisted of six bear-skins sewn together. He was used in the final sequence in which gasoline-powered model planes on wires attacked him on an 8ft high model of the top of the Empire State Building. Balance was no problem: he wore fur-covered ballet slippers with rubber suction-pads on the soles. He then went completely ape and haired off to appear as a gorilla in 32 other films, including *Mighty Joe Young* (1949). He eventually hung up his bear-skins in 1954 and is now a security guard for a Chicago insurance company. They have no security problems.

Exactly who wrote the script is another matter. Credited scriptwriter Edgar Wallace died during production (in February 1932) because he was a Christian Scientist. He got double pneumonia in California and refused to see a doctor.

Merian Cooper said: "Edgar Wallace didn't write any of *Kong*, not one single scene nor line of dialogue, not one bloody word. I'd promised him credit and so I gave it to him."

However, a preliminary 110 page script called simply *Kong* does exist in Wallace's handwriting. The film, in this version, opens with a normal-sized monkey holding a rose in its hand. The monkey is slowly pulling the petals off the rose. The dialogue starts:

ENGELHORN: You see. It is der dawn of human intelligence, is it not? The admiration of the beautiful thing.

DENHAM: Yeah! And he's pulling it to pieces — That's human.

In Wallace's script, *Kong's* New York debut is not in a theatre but a circus. He has to fight lions and tigers to save the girl . . . An idea used later in *Mighty Joe Young*. One contribution Wallace does seem to have made to the finished film is the sub-title: *King Kong—The Eighth Wonder of the World*. And it's interesting to note that, in June 1927, before *Kong* was even thought of, Wallace published *The Avengers*, a book which included an emotional orang-utan prone to bouts of climbing buildings and chasing noble ladies.

Despite the fact that *Kong* does not appear until about 40 minutes into the movie, *King Kong* was a sensation. It was and is the only movie to have played New York's massive Roxy Theater and Radio City Music Hall simultaneously. In one African cinema, it played for over 20 years. His roar is actually a lion's roar played backwards at a slower speed.

Director Merian C. Cooper and actor Robert Armstrong, the man who caught *Kong*, died one day apart in late April 1973.

CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF Part II 'MURDER MOON'

SOME INSTINCT
LEADS LEON BACK...
BACK TO THE ONLY
SAFE HAVEN HE HAS
KNOWN IN HIS
LIFE...

LEON!
HOW DID YOU
GET BACK...?
AND WHERE
ARE YOUR
CLOTHES?

IRON BARS CAN SOME-
TIMES TELL A STORY
MUCH PLAINER THAN
WORDS...

GOOD LORD!

THE PRIEST IS CALLED, FOR ONLY
HE CAN EXPLAIN...
AND BE BELIEVED...

YOU SAY I TURNED
INTO A WOLF? I-I DON'T
REMEMBER ANYTHING...
YET THERE'S BLOOD
ON MY HANDS...

PERHAPS
ONLY THE
BLOOD OF A
SHEEP MY
SON, AND YET,
SOMETHING
MUST BE
DONE...

I THINK I CAN
GET YOU INTO A
MONASTERY, WHERE
YOU'LL BE CARED FOR...
BUT TILL THEN, YOU
MUST BE CHAINED...!

CHAINED LIKE AN
ANIMAL? NO...
I WON'T...

LEON!
COME!
BACK!

IT IS DAWN
WHEN LEON
REACHES THE
VINEYARD
AGAIN, AND
PREPARES TO
START
WORK...

BUT
TODAY,
HE WILL
WORK
ALONE...?

BUT BY NIGHTFALL,
HE BEGINS TO
REALISE HIS
FATE...

BUT SUDDENLY...

LEON!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

CHRISTINA...
KEEP AWAY
FROM ME!

PANICKING, LEON TRIES TO FLEE... BUT EVEN HIS FEET SEEM TO HAVE TURNED AGAINST HIM...

LEON... IN GOD'S NAME!

OOOF!

LEON HAS NO IDEA HOW MUCH TIME PASSES AS HE LIES THERE IN DELIRIUM... UNTIL, FINALLY...

OH, LEON, YOU'RE AWAKE... BUT NOW I MUST GO... BEFORE MY FATHER FINDS OUT I'VE BEEN HERE WITH YOU ALL NIGHT...

A MOMENT'S HESITATION, AND THEN...

YES, I'LL COME WITH YOU... BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER, LEON?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER... BUT WE MUST LEAVE RIGHT NOW! GO AND GET READY!

NO, NOTHING HAPPENED... YOU JUST SEEMED TO BE ILL!

THEN YOU'VE SAVED ME! BUT WE MUST GET MARRIED AND GO AWAY... IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY YOU'LL COME WITH ME!

ALL NIGHT? BUT... TELL ME... DID ANYTHING HAPPEN?

BUT TIME IS TOO SHORT... AND THEIR PLANS ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE...

LEON CARIDO: ARE THESE YOUR CLOTHES?

WHY, YES... I THINK SO...

THEN I'M ARRESTING YOU... THE CHARGE IS MURDER...!

AND SO...

JAILER! LISTEN TO ME! YOU MUST SEND FOR MY FATHER...

HE WON'T LISTEN... WON'T DO ANYTHING... UNLESS YOU PAY HIM!

HERE! IT'S ALL THE MONEY I HAVE! FETCH MY FATHER... PLEASE! HURRY...

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE VINEYARD...

LEON, WHERE ARE YOU? I'M READY... OH! FATHER!

SO, YOU WERE GOING TO RUN AWAY WITH HIM... WELL, YOU CAN FORGET THAT...

I AM GOING TO MARRY HIM! WHERE IS HE, FATHER? HE NEEDS ME!

WELL, HE'S NOT GOING TO SEE YOU! THEY'VE PUT HIM WHERE HE BELONGS... IN JAIL!

BUT NOTHING
IS GOING TO STOP
CHRISTINA NOW...



YOU THERE!
ORRIVE ME INTO TOWN.
... IT'S MY FATHER'S
ORDER!

IT IS A LONG DRIVE BACK INTO
TOWN, AND IN THE MEANTIME...



BUT LEON,
THEY STILL
HAVE TO PROVE
THAT YOU
KILLED THOSE
PEOPLE...

THEY'LL PROVE IT...
BECAUSE IT'S TRUE!
AND IT'LL HAPPEN
AGAIN TONIGHT
IF THEY KEEP
ME HERE...
THESE BARS
WOULDN'T STOP
IT...

WE'LL GO
TO THE MAYOR
... AND FIND
OUT WHAT CAN
BE DONE!



TELL HIM I'VE
CONFERSED...
AND I MUST BE
EXECUTED BEFORE
SUNDOWN...
AND YOU KNOW
HOW THAT MUST
BE DONE...

SHOT
WITH A SILVER
BULLET, OR
BURNED...
**BURNED
ALIVE!**

AND SO, AT THE TOWN HALL...

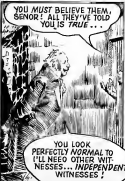


THIS IS
PREPOSTEROUS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT!

IT'S TRUE...
MY SON HAS
CONFERSED...
AND IF NOTHING IS
DONE, HE'LL BREAK
OUT OF THAT PRISON
AT NIGHTFALL...

...AND KILL
ANYONE HE COMES
ACROSS... AND
YOU'LL BE
RESPONSIBLE!

AH... WELL... LET'S
GO AND LOOK AT
HIM...



YOU MUST BELIEVE THEM,
SEÑOR! ALL THEY'VE TOLD
YOU IS TRUE...

YOU LOOK
PERFECTLY NORMAL TO
I'LL NEED OTHER WIT-
NESSES... INDEPENDENT
WITNESSES!



AND, AT THAT MOMENT...

LEON! WHAT
ARE THEY DOING
TO YOU?

CHRISTINA!

WHA... AND
WHO ARE YOU,
SEÑORITA? YOU
KNOW HIM?



I'M CHRISTINA FERNANDEZ,
SEÑOR... LEON AND I ARE
ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED...

SO, YOU YOU
KNOW HIM WELL...
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
HIS... AFFLICTION?

BUT, OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE INNOCENT...

HE DOESN'T HAVE AN AFFLICTION... HE'S PERFECTLY NORMAL!



THANK YOU! THE PRISONER WILL STAY HERE AND AWAIT TRIAL!

COME, MY CHILD!

NO! LEAVE HER WITH ME! SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE ME!



FATHER! OLD PEPE HAS A SILVER BULLET... YOU MUST GET IT FROM HIM... AND USE IT ON ME...



AND, AT ALFREDO'S HOUSE...

THIS IS A FRIEND OF LEON'S, WITH NOWHERE TO GO... PERHAPS SHE CAN STAY HERE... AT LEAST UNTIL DON ALFREDO FINDS PEPE...



PEPE? THEN IT'S COME TO THAT AT LAST...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A SILVER BULLET?

A SILVER BULLET MADE FROM A CRUCIFIX... THE ONLY BULLET THAT COULD KILL... A WEREWOLF!



BUT NOT EVERYONE BELIEVES SUCH THINGS... LIKE THE OLD DRUNKARD WHO SHARES LEON'S CELL

A BEAUTIFUL EVENING... AND THERE'S A FULL MOON RISING! IT'LL SOON BE BRIGHT AS... WHAT?



NO! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN! IT MUSTN'T... NOOOO!

GRRRRAAR!





BUT APPEALS FOR HEAVENLY AID BRING NO RELIEF...
FOR LEON IS ALL WOLF NOW, AND EVERYONE ELSE ...
ONLY VICTIMS!



AND THEN,
THE
WEREWOLF
IS FREE!



BUT SUCH
HORRORS
DO NOT GO
UNNOTICED
FOR LONG...

WHAT'S
GOING ON
IN HERE...
GOOD
LORD!



FREE...
TO
KILL!

AND SO, WHEN ALFREDO RETURNS FROM HIS QUEST...

WHAT'S HAPPENED?
HAS LEON GONE?
WHERE IS HE?

WE DON'T
KNOW, SENOR!
HE...

THEN...

THERE
HE IS!

UP ON THE
ROOF!

IN A MOB, MEN WILL
DARE MANY THINGS...
EVEN FACING A
WEREWOLF...

AFTER
HIM!
DON'T LET
HIM GET
AWAY!

WOLVES
CAN'T STAND
FIRE! WE'LL
FORCE HIM
DOWN...

AND, FOR A MOMENT, IT LOOKS AS
IF THE PLAN MIGHT WORK...

GRAAR!

BUT ONLY FOR
A MOMENT...

LOOK
OUT!

THE MOB SCATTERS BRIEFLY,
BUT THEN THE CHASE IS ON
AGAIN...

THERE HE
GOES! HE'S GOT
ONTO THE
CHURCH!



PERHAPS SOME SPARK OF HUMANITY REMAINS IN LEON, FOR HE DOES NOT ATTACK THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN HIS FATHER ... BUT LEAPS AWAY INSTEAD



AND THEN...



VOOOUH!

THEN THE TORMENT IS OVER...



AND FOR ALFREDO,
ONE LAST
ACT AS A
FATHER...



THE EXCITEMENT
OVER, THE VILLAGERS GO
HOME... LEAVING BEHIND
ONLY THREE PEOPLE...
THREE PEOPLE WHO
HAVE LOVED AND
CHERISHED YOUNG
LEON CARIDO...
BUT FIND THAT A CRUEL
WORLD HAS ONLY
REWARDED THEM
WITH PAIN AND
GRIEF...



THE
END

Answer Desk



OUTER LIMITS TV QUERY

Science fiction fan, **Yvonne Tillyer of Hayes, Middx.**, can cease searching for clues about **The Inheritors** (which she saw on tv some years ago) as we can now give her the low-down on this evasive picture. It turns out, Yvonne, that **The Inheritors** was originally a segment of tv's **The Outer Limits**, first telecast (in two-parts) on November 21 and 28, 1964 (in the U.S.A.). Somewhere along the line these two episodes were tacked together and shown in your tv area under the guise of a sci-fi feature film. It was produced by Ben Brady, directed by James Goldstone, and written by Sam Newman, Seeleg Lester and Ed Adamson. The featured players were Robert Duvall (*Ballard*), Steve Inhat (*Lt. Minns*), Ivan Dixon (*Conover*), Dee Pollock (*Hadley*), James Frawley (*Renaldo*), Ted DeCorsi (*Branch*), Donald Harran (*Harris*), and Dabbs Greer (*Larkin*).

CELLULOID WAX THRILLERS

For **Gilbert Carpentier of Lyons, France**, we specially print a rarely-seen photo of Lionel Atwill as the hideously scarred sculptor in **Mystery of the Wax Museum** (1933). Gilbert is a fan of the "wax-museum" school of thrillers, so recommended viewing includes **The Florentine Dagger** (1935), directed by Robert Florey (who did an excellent job with the 1932 **Murders in the Rue Morgue**), **House of Wax** (1953), the 3-D remake of the 1933 version directed by Andre de Toth, and **Chamber of Horrors** (1966), inspired by **House of Wax** and originally intended as a pilot for a tv series; directed by Hy Averback. Television-wise, NBC-TV's 1961-62 season of **Thriller** (hosted by Boris Karloff) offered the Robert Bloch story **Waxworks**,



Mystery of the Wax Museum (1933): Lionel Atwill.

which was based on the same story as the **House That Dripped Blood** segment. **Waxworks** was directed by John Brahm and starred Oscar Homolka as the owner of a travelling waxworks.

UNIVERSAL'S MUMMY FILMS

Martin Road and Louise Jackson of London SE27, would like to know if the old Universal **Mummy** films had any continuing story-line and how each one ended. Well, the basic theme went like this. Universal's 1932 production of **The Mummy** focused on the ancient Egyptian priest Im-Ho-Tep who was mummified alive for trying to bring back to life the dead princess Anck-es-en-Amon. He is accidentally revived in the 20th century, now calling himself Ardathe Bey, and locates the reincarnation of his princess. Finally he is turned to dust by the god Isis.

The **Mummy** turns up again in 1940's **The Mummy's Hand**, now called Kharis, and sets about decimating the desecrators of princess Ananka's tomb (*do you follow me?*). Whilst trying to save his life-giving tana juice he is set on fire by the hero.

The Mummy's Tomb (1942) brought back Kharis, set some thirty years later, and let him loose in America (*he certainly gets around!*) to kill off the last members of the Egyptian expedition. The local villagers with flaming torches end his activities. **The Mummy's Ghost** (1944) sees Kharis on the trail of his princess again, this time in New England, where her soul has been reincarnated in a local girl. The climax sees Kharis and the girl, who changes into Ananka and then into a mummy herself, sink into a swamp. The last Universal **Mummy** outing was **The Mummy's Curse** (1944), which saw Ananka brought out of the swamp and restored back to a beautiful girl. Kharis is also revived, via tana leaves, and again carries his princess off. He is destroyed among some old abandoned ruins, which finally ends his career.

LUGOSI'S FIRST... AND LAST

In answer to the requests of **Mark Docker, of Coventry**, Bela Lugosi's first film was **The Leopard** (1917), made in Hungary, and the last one released was **Plan 9 from Outer Space** in 1959, some three years after the film was made. Before he died, on August 16, 1956, Lugosi had 95 films to his credit. He appeared in the serials: **The Whispering Shadow** (1933), **The Return of Chandu** (1934), **Shadow of Chinatown** (1936), **S.O.S. Coastguard** (1937) and **The Phantom Creeps** (1939).

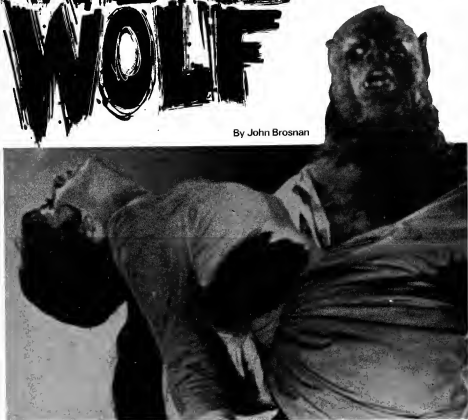
CURSE OF THE

WERE WOLF

By John Brosnan

BY 1960 Hammer Films had re-made most of the old horror classics: *Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, *The Mummy*, *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* etc. so it was natural to expect that it would soon be the turn of *The Wolfman*. Hammer's version, called *The Curse of the Werewolf*, was based on Guy Endore's novel *The Werewolf of Paris*, unlike Universal's 1941 production which had starred Lon Chaney Jr.

The script was written by John Elder, this being a pseudonym of Anthony Hinds—the man who produced many of Hammer's most successful films until his retirement several years ago. Hinds had started with the company as bookkeeping clerk when it was still known as Exclusive Films but very quickly worked his way up to the position of producer and with the formation of Hammer Films he joined with Michael Carreras in creating one of the most stream-lined successful film companies in the world.



The classic, though confusing, shot of an adult Lena (Oliver Reed) holding his mother (Yvonne Romain) in his arms... even though in the film she dies giving birth to him!

Curse of the Werewolf was directed by Terence Fisher. Fisher had directed most of Hammer's other Gothic successes, including *The Curse of Frankenstein* and *Dracula* but he has a special fondness for *Werewolf*. "I like it because of the tremendous inter-relation between the characters, between Reed and the girl," he said. "After all, anyone can turn into a werewolf, can't they? But it was his situation that made it exciting. The horror of him knowing that it was going to happen to him but that he couldn't do anything about it... and the conflict between this knowledge he possessed and his love for the girl. An audience, I believe, will respond to this because they can understand the emotional pull between people much more than the fact of someone turning into a werewolf. Of course Oliver Reed was very good as the werewolf. In my opinion he's never done anything better."

I doubt if Reed, who has since starred in such films as *Tommy* and *The Devils*, would agree with that last remark but others might (with Reed being one of those actors who falls into the "love him or hate him" category). He was only 22 at the time of *Werewolf* and it marked his first starring role though previously he had a number of small parts in such films as *The Two Faces of Dr Jekyll* and *Sword of Sherwood Forest*.

Before that Oliver Reed had worked as a bouncer in a Mayfair night club and had also been, very briefly, a professional boxer. He then worked for six months as a hospital porter before being called up for National Service. "I wanted to be a paratrooper," said Reed, "but they stuck me in the Medical Corps because I had worked in a hospital." Once his army days were over he decided to become an actor though he had had no previous experience. At first he got nowhere but then came a lucky break—he was chosen for a major role in a BBC TV serial. To his credit he never took advantage of the fact that he was the nephew of Sir Carol Reed, the famous British director, but obviously he never doubted his ability to succeed by himself. "I want to go to Hollywood and be a teenage idol," he told an interviewer during the making of *Werewolf*. "I want to make films for



Once more, *Werewolf* Reed and mother Romaine, in a confusing publicity shot.

teenagers. I want screaming fans to tear the clothes off me." And Terence Fisher said of him at the time: "Not since Valentino have I known such a personality produce such an instantaneous and devastating effect! I am certain that within the next two years Oliver Reed will be one of the biggest names in the business." Well, it took a little longer than that but he made it eventually.

Also in the film was Richard Wordsworth who had performed so memorably as the monster in *The Quatermass Experiment*. In *Werewolf* he played the mad hagger who attacked the servant girl and thus fathered the werewolf. In the original script it was obvious that the beggar was also a werewolf but the censor insisted that all such references be removed, telling Hammer that they must not combine sex with the supernatural. "Just before shooting began," said Wordsworth, "I had come to get fitted with fangs but nobody at the studio seemed to know anything about them. Finally I found someone who did and he told me: 'No fangs. The censor says no fangs. You can't have fangs and have relations with the girl as well.'"

Well, the character played by Oliver Reed had to be "born" so they obviously chose relations with the girl. We were just about to start the scene where I attack the girl when Terence Fisher turned to the property man and said 'Have you got the white of egg?' I asked him: 'Er, what's this white of egg for?' 'Oh, this is something we always do,' he said, 'You have a mouthful of egg white and when you see the girl just slobber a little of it. But keep it tasteful.'"

In charge of the make-up on the film was Roy Ashton (see the interview with Ashton in *House of Hammer* issue 2) and he succeeded in creating the best wolf man so far seen on

the screen, but the make-up caused Reed a few problems. "No one would sit next to me in the studio canteen," he complained. "Even the waitresses used to eye me strangely and keep at a distance. I'm not surprised. I was scared myself when I saw the rush shots with blood trickling from my mouth and down my clothes and my nostrils plugged up to make them enlarged, and my face made up in a terrifying fashion. I looked a gory mess."

So as not to disturb the delicate make-up, Reed was unable to eat any food during several days of shooting so he was obliged to drink five bottles of milk a day through a straw. That must have been the hardest task of all for Mr Reed.

The Curse of the Werewolf (1960)

A Hammer Films Production

Oliver Reed (Leon); Clifford Evans (Don Alfredo Carido); Hira Talfrey (Teresa); Catherine Feller (Cristina); Yvonne Romain (Servant Girl); Anthony Dawson (Marques); Richard Wordsworth (Beggars); Warren Mitchell (Pepe Vallente); George Woodbridge (Dominique); John Gabriel (Priest); Ewen Solon (Don Enrique); Michael Ripper (Old Souther); Sheila Brennan (Vera).

Director: Terence Fisher; Producers: Anthony Hinds; Associate Producer: Anthony Nelson-Keys; Production Designer: Bernard Robinson; Art Director: Thomas Gowerd; Director of Photography: Arthur Grant; Music: Benjamin Frankel; Make-up: Roy Ashton; Special Effects: Les Bowie; Executive Producers: Michael Carreras; Script: John Elder (from the novel *The Werewolf of Paris* by Guy Endore).

Certificate X

88 mins.



Young, handsome and broody, Oliver Reed in 1960.



SATAN'S SLAVE

Recently, Brent-Walker Film Distributors have acquired lots of inexpensive (often dubbed) contemporary horror films. The latest of them resurrects the Carmilla Karnstein character once more (or someone closely resembling her), and stars horror veteran Michael Gough.

Accompanied by her parents, Malcolm and Elizabeth, pretty 19-year-old Catherine Yorke is on her way to spend a few days at her Uncle Alexander's isolated country mansion. She is quite unaware that Alexander's son Stephen is a psychopathic killer who has recently murdered a young American tourist, by crushing her head in a heavy oak door and then stabbing her.

As Malcolm drives through the gates of Alexander's house, something makes him lose control of the car, which crashes into a tree. Catherine falls free and is running to the house for help when the car explodes. The distraught girl is helped into the house by Alexander, his strange young secretary Frances, and Stephen.

A Witch Shall Be Re-Born

The next day Catherine, almost reconciled to the tragedy of her parents' deaths, allows Stephen to take her for a walk in the grounds. She is surprised to learn that the house, which she never knew existed, has been in the Yorke family for many hundreds of years. As she reaches a withered tree stump in a clearing, she becomes transfixed by her surroundings and seems to see a vision of herself burning to death. She later accepts Stephen's assurance that she is suffering from delayed shock.

After the funeral of her parents, who are buried in the family plot, Catherine, is again affected by her surroundings and finds herself drawn towards a hidden gravestone inscribed "Camilla Yorke". Alexander tells her that Camilla was burnt as a witch in 1753. He then learns that Catherine's 20th birthday is imminent and tells her to invite her boyfriend John to the house for a celebration. But someone is



Stephen Yorke (Martin Potter) finally gets his come-uppance in a somewhat grisly fashion.

determined that John should be kept away from Catherine and a black magic ritual suddenly sends John hurtling to his death from the roof of a block of flats.

At the moment of John's death, Catherine becomes so disturbed that she has to be sedated. Quickly, she falls into a delirious sleep and is haunted by dreams of herself on a Satanic altar, a sacrifice surrounded by robed, hooded figures.

Satanic Mass

The next morning, feeling the mansion to be a house of evil, Catherine is eager to leave. But when she tries, she discovers that Stephen and Alexander have no intention of letting her escape, but are keeping her there for a horrifying purpose. They plan to use Catherine's body to reincarnate Camilla.

Now completely rejected by Stephen, Frances tries to help Catherine escape. But Stephen overhears the two girls plotting and murders Frances in a grisly fashion.

Discovering Frances' body, Catherine is knocked unconscious by Stephen and comes round to find herself locked in her room. Suddenly Alexander and Stephen enter and drag Catherine outside to the withered tree stump for the reincarnation ceremony. But Catherine manages to escape by stabbing Stephen with a nail file.

Pursued by members of Alexander's coven, Catherine runs towards the gates of the house and then recoils in disbelief as she stumbles into her



Frances (Barbara Kellerman) is left hanging on the back of the door, pinned there by her murderer, Stephen Yorke.



By a withered stump in a forest clearing, the group of Satanists begin preparations for their ritual.

father. He convinces her that she was stunned in the car crash and that everything she has experienced since has been a dream. Catherine finally accepts this and is taken back to the house, where a concerned Alexander insists that Catherine telephone John to let him know that she is coming home. As Catherine goes to do this she discovers the dead body of Stephen. She runs panic-stricken to the door but finds her way blocked by her father, now wearing Satanic robes. Catherine screams in terror as the other members of the coven move towards her...

ALEXANDER YORKE (MICHAEL GOUGH), STEPHEN YORKE (MARTIN POTTER), CATHERINE YORKE (CANDACE GLENNENING), FRANCES (BARBARA KELLERMAN), JOHN (MICHAEL CRAZE), JANICE (GLORIA WALKER), MALCOLM (JAMES BREE), ELIZABETH (CELIA HEWITT).

Directed by Norman J. Warren; Produced by Les Young & Richard Crafter; Screenplay by David McGillivray; Music by John Scott; Released by Brent-Walker Film Distributors. Time: 86 min. Cert. X.

STALKERS in the MOONLIGHT

WEREWOLVES IN
FACT AND FILM



Rounding off our special Werewolf issue, Steve Moore takes a look at the history of the wolfman in the cinema, and the legend of the werewolf passed down through the generations since 400 B.C.

Snapping, rending, tearing... ripping flesh, crunching bones and drinking blood. Then, having satisfied its hideous appetite, the great grey wolf raises its head, drool oozing over its jaw, bays briefly at the moon, and bounds off into the forest, racing back to that lonely wood-cutter's cottage where, in another form, he has a wife and four children to support. Next day, a passer-by discovers the mangled remains of a plump young maiden, and the whispers start... the werewolf is abroad once more....

Of course, it's never like that in the movies.... There's a limit to what you can get away with in full colour and twenty-foot high close up! Just for once, it seems, the cinema industry has toned things down rather than sensationalised them when dealing with the gruesome legend of the werewolf.

So before turning our attention to the cinema version of the man-eating man-wolf, let's take a look at what's behind it. Werewolf legends are extremely ancient, and the psychologists would say that they reflect man's inner conflicts between his civilised self, and that part of him which is still animal. But for centuries werewolves were believed to be real, and still are in

some places.

Probably the earliest written mention we have of them comes from Herodotus, the Greek historian and traveller, who lived in the fifth century B.C. According to him, the Neuri, a tribe living in Rumania and southern Russia, changed into wolves once a year for several days, and then returned to their normal selves. Several other classical Greek and Roman writers mention werewolves, but on the whole these transformations did not usually result in any great bloodshed... indeed, it was thought that a werewolf would be cured if it abstained from human flesh for a period, usually nine or ten years, and would then regain human form. But during that period, it remained a wolf all the time, with no transformations in between.

Werewolf Legends

But it is in Europe, in the Middle Ages, that we find the werewolf in its more usual form... although the legends differ so widely in detail that it's difficult to decide just what that usual form is! The main geographical location is certain though: more werewolf tales come from France than anywhere else in Europe. Transylvania and its environs, which you might expect to be



*Above: John Haward as the 1942 Fox Pictures werewolf who terrorises a small English village in **The Hammond Mystery** (US: **The Undying Monster**).*



*I Married A Werewolf (1961) is a somewhat silly Italian-Austrian co-production, with a wolfman loose in a girls' corrective school. (US: **Werewolf In A Girls' Dormitory**).*

asawm with the beasts, produces only an average crop...

The methods of becoming a werewolf are many and various, depending on the time and place. Sometimes the power can be obtained by black magic, sometimes it is given as a curse. Certain flowers, unknown to science, are also said to bring about the change when touched, or eaten. Again, there are tales of brooks whose water, once drunk, does the trick. Occasionally werewolfery is hereditary, and in rare cases it is passed on by the bite of another werewolf. But often there is no explanation... tales merely state that so-and-so could turn himself into a wolf, and leave it at that. Usually the transformation is complete... to a normal-looking wolf... the werewolf portrayed in films, a man with teeth, hair and claws, rarely turns up in the old tales.

As for the disposal of werewolves, exorcism has been tried, but apparently this rarely works. Yet if you want to kill a werewolf, almost anything will do, it seems. The idea that a silver bullet must be used, so popular in film and fiction, does not seem to have much basis in legend... ordinary bullets, swords, and especially burning the man-wolf at the stake... all work just as well.

Are They Real?

The question is, are werewolves real? And the answer to that rather depends on your definition of *real*. Few people would be inclined to take the old legends at face-value and, perhaps fortunately, no one has come forward recently to demonstrate the art of transformation for scientific study.

On the other hand, there is a form of madness, known as Lycanthropy, in which the sufferer believes himself to have been turned into a wolf, and acts accordingly, murdering, tearing out his victim's throat with his teeth, and indulging in blood-drinking and cannibalism... if he's allowed to get that far it's a rare condition, perhaps even more so in this century, but it would seem to lie at the root of most of the famous werewolf cases in sixteenth and seventeenth century France.

Such at least seems to be the case with Jean Grenier, brought before the courts in 1803 at the age of 13. Grenier looked the part, being an olive-skinned mental deficient with deformed, protruding teeth and long matted hair that fell to his shoulders, and took great delight in boasting of his wolfish exploits to a thrilled group of local peasant girls (they

were in danger of being thrilled to death!). According to him, he had been given a wolf skin by a 'black man' whom he called the 'Master of the Forest', which when he put on, enabled him to turn into a wolf and lope through the forest. Several children had been killed in the area, and when brought to trial, Grenier admitted... rather, he boasted with great relish... that he had been responsible. There seems no doubt that Grenier actually believed he was a werewolf. The court, however, took an exceedingly enlightened view for the times. They decided he was insane, and their sentence was even more enlightened. Instead of the usual death penalty, they sentenced him to life imprisonment in a monastery, where he died at the age of twenty.

If it seems unlikely that werewolves are physically real, there is one other possibility... that of apparitions in the form of werewolves. Whether you believe in ghosts as spirits of the dead or not, it does seem certain that people do actually see something on occasion, and amongst the things seen are werewolves in their humanoid form. There

keeping quiet about what became of the stone heads, so what happened to the associated werewolf we have no further idea....

If the case for werewolves in real life seems inconclusive, in the cinema they're alive and well, although they haven't proved quite as popular as some other film-fiends, like vampires. But there has been a steady output of werewolf films over the last sixty years or so....

First in the field was *The Werewolf*, a silent picture made in 1913. Directed by Henry McRae, it was set among the North American Indians and featured a Navaho version of the werewolf legend. A vengeful Indian girl comes back from the dead to attack the reincarnation of a man who did her wrong a hundred years previously. To do this she takes on the form of a werewolf. In this version, the transformation is unusual... the girl takes on real wolf form, rather than the standard man-wolf (or woman-wolf). Female werewolves are rare in film, though quite common in legend...).

Things really started to get



Cry Of The Werewolf (1944). Poor attempt to capture Val Lewton variety of suspense.

was a case which was given some coverage on television not so long ago in which two ancient Celtic carved stone heads were dug up in the north of England. After that, wherever the heads went, a six-foot high black apparition would appear, with fur-covered man-like legs and a wolf-like upper body. It was sufficiently terrifying for a professional archaeologist to go on television and admit to having seen it (and for professional scientists to admit such things is rare, to say the least!). But everyone concerned is now

moving in 1935, when Universal Pictures, in the middle of a run of horror films that included the classic *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* films, decided to make *Werewolf of London*, starring Henry Hull in the title role, and with Stuart Walker directing. Wilfred Glendon (Henry Hull) an English botanist, goes to Tibet to search for a rare flower that blooms by moonlight, and which is believed to be the cure for 'werewolfism'. He finds it, but while there is attacked by a mysterious creature, and bitten. He survives and returns to London, but at the



Frankenstein Meets T
Lon Chaney Jr as s

next full moon turns into a werewolf. (The phases of the moon, so well established in film lore, seem to have little part in the original legends.) He is contacted by a mysterious Oriental, Yogami, who informs him that having survived the bite of a werewolf, he will become one too, and it soon becomes apparent that Yogami was responsible for the original attack. Meanwhile, London is ravaged by a series of brutal murders, and it becomes clear that two werewolves are responsible... Glendon and Yogami. In the end, it comes to a showdown as the two werewolves struggle for possession of the curing flower, which Glendon wins. But before he can use it, he attacks his wife, and during the struggle is shot by the police. Dying, he reverts to his normal human form.

It was a rather slow, rambling film, and by modern standards the special effects left much to be desired. The transformation sequences were crude... Hull would walk behind a tree, the camera would be stopped, and when he walked into view again, he would be somewhat hairier... another tree, hairier still, and so on. Make-up was light, especially compared with later films, and Hull's face remained more than half human... although this did give him a longer, and comparatively more wolf-like face.

The Wolf Man

The most famous screen werewolf of them all was Lawrence Stewart Talbot, played by Lon Chaney, in the personal opinion of this writer, it's hard to see why the public should have



talbotman (1943, Universal).
werewolf Larry Talbot.

Man, made by Universal in 1941, and directed by George Waggoner.

Talbot returns to his father's castle after a long absence, and renews his acquaintance with his childhood sweetheart, Gwen, whose family owns the local gift-shop. There a cane attracts his attention... a cane embossed with a silver wolf's head and a pentagram... the sign of the beast. Talbot doesn't believe in such nonsense, and buys the cane. That night he, Gwen and another girl Jenny, go to visit a gypsy carnival which has just arrived in the locality. Jenny is attacked by the fortune teller (played by Bela Lugosi) who transforms himself into a werewolf. Talbot rushes in just in time to save her, and beats the werewolf to death with his silver cane... but in the process he is bitten.

Talbot is under suspicion of murder, as his cane was found near the scene of the crime. His story of defending Jenny is accepted, but the local police think the werewolf part is mere delusion. Talbot would be inclined to think so too, were it not for the faint



1943 publicity shot of Chaney Jr. and friend as werewolf Larry Talbot and friend.

pentagram that appears on his chest. The fortune teller's aged mother obligingly tells him that her son had been a werewolf, and that now, having been bitten, Talbot will become one too, when the moon is full. Another murder in the area

seems to show she was right; though Talbot has no memory of committing the dastardly deed. But when Talbot's father leads the hunt for the murderer the following night, Talbot, left behind in the castle, changes again and loopes off into the



The masterful work of Jack Pierce. Shown here in Werewolf Of London.

As an interesting "cheat" comparison, take a look back at the portrait we're running of Henry Hull/Werewolf of London on page 26, and compare it with the supposedly same picture left.

You'll notice the Universal publicity department, perhaps feeling Hull didn't look savage enough, re-touched the print, adding dripping blood, extra facial hair, and deeper scowl. This print was then used to publicise the film, in cinemas and newspapers.



Somewhat more than slightly inspired by Hammer, Tyburn's David Rintoul in the 1975 Legend of the Werewolf.

forest, toward the gypsy encampment. There Gwan is looking for him, and they meet, though hardly under ideal circumstances! As Talbot, unrecognisable in wolf-form, is attacking her, his father races to the scene, and proceeds to smash his skull in with the silver-headed cane. The werewolf reverts, before his horrified gaze, to his son Larry...

Chaney spent five hours a day in the make-up chair, having yak-hairs glued to his face, and the net result was probably the most completely non-human portrayal of them all. Unfortunately, it wasn't particularly wolf-like either. Chaney's face was such a mass of hair that he ended up looking more like a cuddly teddy-bear than a werewolf. Still, the film as a whole was successful... Universal's biggest seller of the year, and the sequels were inevitable.

And Then...

The first of these was *Frankenstein* meets the *Wolf Man*, directed in 1943 by Roy William Neill, and starring Chaney again, with Bela Lugosi as Frankenstein's monster. Talbot is revived when grave-robbing remove the wolf's-bane from his coffin, and the light of the full moon shines on his corpse. Realising that he is thus virtually unkillable, and cursed to be a werewolf for all time, he makes his way to Vasserie where he asks Doctor Frankenstein to help discover

the secret of death, and release him. It doesn't work of course, and after a pitched battle with the monster, he falls into the sea and is apparently drowned.

The following year he was back in *House of Frankenstein*, a rather messy picture directed by Erle C. Kenton, which matched the Frankenstein monster with both the *Wolf Man* and *Dracula*. Talbot had been found frozen in a block of ice which somehow turned up under the castle, and when thawed out, was freed to commit more acts of mayhem. This time he's finished off with a silver bullet...

But he was back again in 1945 in *House of Drecule*, again directed by Kenton, and again featuring Universal's three big horror draws. This time there was no explanation of how Talbot had been revived... we merely see him first in jail... and unusually, at the end of the film he is surgically cured. It didn't last long though, because he was back in 1948 for *Abbott and Costello meet Frankenstein*, which, as you can imagine, was an outright comedy, directed by Charles T. Barton.

There were one or two other werewolf pictures in the forties, such as *Cry of the Werewolf* (1944) directed by Henry Levin, and *She-wolf of London* (1946) directed by Jean Yarbrough. But the genre was generally in decline. *The Werewolf* (1956) directed by Fred F. Sears, didn't do much to help revive it, being set in the

present day, the transformation being the result of the evils of science. Next, and perhaps here things reached their lowest ebb, came *I was a Teenage Werewolf* (1957) directed by Gene M. Fowler Jr., part of a series of 'Teenage' horror movies.

By this time, the pendulum was swinging away from the States and Britain was establishing itself as the leading centre for fantasy film production; a trend led by Hammer films. Their contribution to the genre was *Curse of the Werewolf* (1961) directed by Terence Fisher. Based on the classic novel *The Werewolf of Paris* by Guy Endore, it remains the best handled werewolf picture to date, as this issue's comic strip adaptation reveals...

Despite this shining example, some very minor pictures still came along. *Werewolf in a Girl's Dormitory* (1961), known in England as *I Married a Werewolf* and directed by

Richard Benson, was a straightforward story of a series of murders in a school, while *Werewolves on Wheels* (1973) directed by Michael LeVesque, combined Hell's Angels with Satanists. The devil-worshippers turned the bikers into real beasts...

Recently, there has been something of a revival in werewolf pictures. There were two Spanish pictures, both directed by Leon Klimovsky in 1971, but released here much later and in the wrong order! The first of these was *Doctor Jekyll and the Werewolf*, starring Paul Naschy. A young married couple leave for their honeymoon in Transylvania, where the husband is murdered by thieves. The girl is rescued by Waldemar, who turns out to be a goaf werewolf! Despite his curse, he manages to keep his hands off the girl, and she takes him to London to meet her friend Doctor Jekyll, who may be able to cure him. Jekyll has now developed an antidote to his 'Mr Hyde' formula. The Hyde formula is injected into Waldemar, with the idea that the two 'demons' will war with one another, and the Hyde aspect can then be cured by the antidote. The attempt works temporarily, but finally Waldemar attacks his new girlfriend as a werewolf, and with her dying effort, she fills him full of silver bullets.

In the second film, *Shadow of the Werewolf*, made by the same team, Waldemar is back, revived by a doctor who removed the silver bullets from his heart. This film rather uncomfortably combined both werewolves and vampires. Two girl students, seeking the grave of a vampire countess, come across Waldemar, now living as a recluse, and he is also interested in the grave, for he believes that the silver cross with which the countess was impaled can cure his complaint. In the end it comes down to a battle between Waldemar and the countess, which the



*The reverse of the norm. Lugosi as a wolf into man (middle) faces Laughton in the 1932 classic *Island of Lost Souls*. (This film currently being remade starring Burt Lancaster and Michael York.)*



With Roy Ashton's makeup, you'd never recognise Oliver Reed in the 1961 Hammer Curse of The Werewolf.

werewolf wins... only to be 'cured' by having the cross driven into his heart...

The Boy who Cried Werewolf (1973), directed by Nathan Juran, was a modern-day picture produced in the States. As you can imagine from the title, this one was about a boy who knows that his father has become a werewolf after being bitten, but no one will believe him, least of all his father, who is unaware of the transformations, until it is too late. Finally, the werewolf goes on a rampage, and is hunted down by a posse of local townsfolk, aided by a nearby group of Jesus Freaks. Finally, it's the Jesus Freaks who win out, and the werewolf is impaled on a cross... but not before he's managed to bite his son...

Latest in the field in the British **Legend of the Werewolf**, made in 1974, but not released until '75. Directed by Freddie Francis, it was helped greatly by the presence of Peter Cushing, and set in 19th century France.

Tyburn Wolfman

A wild boy, raised by wolves, is found by a travelling showman, who brings him up into a normal seeming adult. But the full moon arouses his wolfish tendencies, and after murdering the showman's assistant, he runs off to Paris, where he gets a job in a zoo, because of his natural affinity with animals. There he falls in love with a girl who, unknown to him, is a prostitute. When he discovers her line of business, he starts murdering her clients, in the form of a werewolf. Peter Cushing, as a police pathologist, leads the hunt for the werewolf, which finally leads to a confrontation in the Paris sewers, resolved with the usual silver bullets...

Whether this recent revival of werewolf pictures will last or not is difficult to say. About the only upcoming film on the horizon at the moment is **The Werewolf of Washington**, reviewed in *HOH 3* and not widely released here. This one's a spoof, and the target, rather than werewolves, is the much-publicised skulduggery in Washington politics. But that seems to be all at the moment...

Werewolf pictures have been far fewer than other forms of horror film, and they seem to appear irregularly, like collector's items among the more run-of-the-mill stuff. Let's hope that future offerings will be worthy of us horror-connoisseurs

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